

# Life

DECEMBER  
15 CENTS  
IN CANADA 20¢

"Hoping to see you on or  
about the twenty-fifth—"



DON HEROLD, JEFF MACHAMER, RUSSELL PATTERSON, MARGE. ED WYNN TINTYPE

# HOLIDAY DESSERTS

## *by Heinz*



**F** COURSE you'll serve delicious, old-fashioned mince pie for Christmas dinner! And naturally to prepare it you want the very finest mince meat that money can buy.

What a glorious pie you will have if you use Heinz Mince Meat! Here's a wonderfully luscious, savory filling—rich with Valencia raisins, golden candied citron, Grecian currants, prime beef, orange and lemon peel, juicy apples and many other good things—spiced and blended to perfection and then aged for mellow flavor.

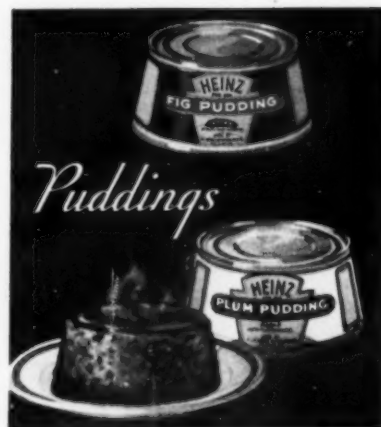
Mince pie is easily and quickly prepared when you have Heinz Mince Meat. Just spoon this fruity filling out of the Heinz jar or tin into your flaky crust—and then your pie is ready for baking.

**HEINZ PLUM PUDDING** is studded with the choicest imported currants, raisins, citron and orange peel. It is a triumph of fruity goodness.

**HEINZ FIG PUDDING**—made from choice Smyrna figs and flavored with vanilla and Oriental spices—is ideal the year 'round for children and those with delicate appetites because of its fluffy lightness and wholesome goodness.

Start the dinner with tempting Heinz home-style Soup! Be sure to have some olives, (plain or stuffed) from Heinz' plant in Seville; a glass or so of Heinz pure fruit Jelly; and some crunchy little mixed pickles. Call your grocer now and make an appetizing selection from the famous "57 Varieties."

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**  
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. TORONTO, CAN. LONDON, ENG.



# HEINZ MINCE MEAT

Four  
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Go by



... enjoy

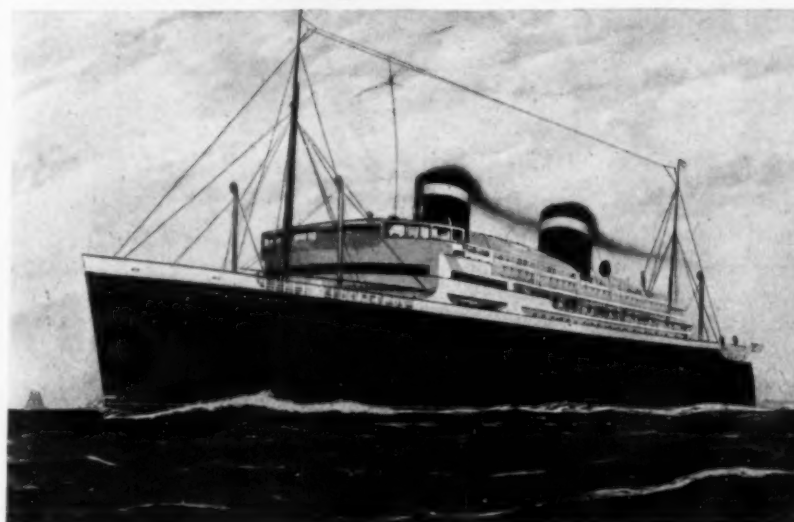
a TRIP ABROAD

en route to



CALIFORNIA or NEW YORK

via Panama Canal



Four brilliant new sister liners... with every facility and comfort to increase the pleasure of your days afloat... and sea-speed that leaves ample leisure for visits in seven glamorous foreign countries en route!

Sail with the splendid new Santa Rosa, Santa Paula, Santa Lucia or



Enjoy the gay hospitality of this airy Club

Santa Elena! Go ashore—on your way coast-to-coast—in sunny Havana, Colombia\* (\*Eastbound), Panama, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala and

Mexico! Join Grace-conducted inland excursions through miles of spectacular tropic grandeur to ruins of civilizations as old as Egypt... or tea and dance to the smartest rhythms of a real marimba orchestra in a Spanish patio! With all these shore visits and excursions, the voyage to California takes but 16 days!

Fares are surprisingly moderate. For instance, for as little as \$325 you can enjoy the complete rail-water "Round America" cruise-tour including rail fare from your home to either coast, Grace Line to the opposite coast, and return home again by rail. Fortnightly sailings from New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles; also to and from Victoria, B. C., and Seattle, Wash.

To make your trip unforgettably brilliant and festive, book for one of the gala maiden voyage sailings listed below!

### SANTA ROSA

FROM NEW YORK NOVEMBER 26  
FROM SEATTLE and VICTORIA DEC. 20  
FROM SAN FRANCISCO DECEMBER 26  
FROM LOS ANGELES DECEMBER 27

### SANTA PAULA

FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 7

## 4 NEW LINERS

for greater speed & pleasure



... identical in every superb detail. First American ships having all outside staterooms with private baths. Single rooms. Double rooms. De luxe suites. Controlled ventilation and temperature. Largest outdoor pool on any American ship. Gaily decorated Club and smart Orchestra. Gymnasium. Huge dining hall with roll-back dome for outdoor dining. 20 knots speed... and three-quarters of a century of Grace prestige!

New York: 10 Hanover Sq., San Francisco: 2 Pine St., Chicago: 230 N. Michigan Ave., Los Angeles: 348 So. Spring St., Seattle: Hoge Bldg., Boston and New Orleans

#### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

GRACE LINE  
10 Hanover Square, New York City, or  
2 Pine Street, San Francisco

Please send me full information about your new ships, sailing dates, and New York-Central America-California itinerary.

L-1

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SAIL INTO SUNSHINE!... OVER THE GLAMOROUS ROUTE OF ROMANCE



# A GIFT that warms a man's heart...

for only \$1.00  
(A \$1.90 Value)



Here's your answer to "What shall I give the men folks?"

Ask any tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Tobacco and Pouch Combination—the biggest \$1.00 bargain you ever saw for pipe smokers. It consists of a four-ounce vacuum-packed tin of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Smoking Tobacco and a new Edgeworth Ready-Zip combination tobacco pouch. Also one dozen pipe cleaners. This pouch is made of strong, durable material, is a beautiful tobacco brown color, has a strong zip fastener and has a pocket for tobacco and a separate compartment for a pipe. Just fits a man's pocket and keeps his tobacco in good condition. The pouch was made to sell at \$1.50 and the tin of Edgeworth sells for 40 cents. The price of this "Edgeworth Tobacco and Pouch Combination" is \$1.00. It is our way of interesting more pipe smokers in Edgeworth—\$1.90 value for \$1.00. If your men folks smoke, here is your chance to please them.

Ask the nearest tobacco dealer for the "Edgeworth Tobacco and Pouch Combination." The tin of Edgeworth and the pouch are packed together in an attractive carton with Christmas decorations in gay colors. Remember the price—only \$1.00.

If the tobacco dealer cannot supply you, send to us direct—\$1.00 for each "Edgeworth Tobacco and Pouch Combination"—and we will ship, all charges prepaid, to any address you supply. Send your list of friends and your card for each and we will gladly take care of as many shipments as you direct. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 113 South 22d Street, Richmond, Va.

## EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

# Life

DECEMBER : 1932

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"Something from Paris, sir?"



## Thanksgiving appetites

## CRAVE CANDY LIKE THIS

Chocolates have to be extra-tempting to compete with the other delicacies of Thanksgiving Day. So expect unusual goodness when you open this package.

Gales' "L'Offre" Chocolates provide a surprising variety of delicious centers. And every piece is hand-dipped in a new, smoother and richer sweet chocolate.

You can get Gales' "L'Offre" Chocolates—always delightfully fresh—at any Rexall Drug Store. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores, too.



## Gales' "L'Offre"

CHOCOLATES



"I SAY . . . IT'S POSITIVELY

UNCANNY!"



# An electric bridge table *that shuffles and deals*

*It astonishes. It mystifies. It flabbergasts. Tournament-scarred veterans pale, strong men faint, when first they behold what modern science has brought to bridge—Hammond's new Electric Bridge Table, which shuffles and deals cards without benefit of human hands.*

It eliminates the manual shuffle. Eliminates the manual deal. Never exposes a card. Never spills one on the floor. Always comes out even. And forever shushes that scathing rebuke, "Can we get you a basket?"

It sounds magical—but it's electrical.

You still bid, you still play, you still keep score. The Hammond Electric Bridge

of the pocket in front of him the hand that has already been shuffled and dealt while you've been playing the other deck—and keeps right on going!



Here's your new hand! The Hammond Electric Bridge Table deals it into a pocket in the side of the table—one in front of each player

—and while you're playing *that* one, the deck you've just inserted in the shuffler is miraculously being shuffled and dealt and will be ready!

This is something very, very new—and a boon to serious-minded bridge players to whom shuffling and dealing is a pain in the hand.

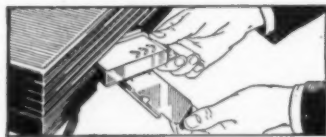
And on the other hand, the Hammond Electric Bridge Table is good-looking as well as useful. The table itself, regulation size, is finished in walnut. The legs are sturdy enough to resist even the weight of fat Mr. Whoosis whose hostess-panicking trick is to lean his whole self on a table and ponder his cards. It's

handsomely finished and the padded top is a pleasure to play on.

The top lifts off—awed onlookers can watch the "works" at work.

It plays no favorites, working just as well for the disciples of the Approach-Forcing system or the One-Two-Three, as it does for the converts of the One-over-One.

Be the first in your Bridge Club, Four-some, or neighborhood to spring a new Hammond Electric Bridge Table. It's yours for the modest sum of \$25. A more *de luxe* model sells for \$40. Hand yourself a thrill. See a demonstration at any high-class store where the newest in such things are sold.



Slip in the deck. That starts the automatic, scientific shuffling and dealing. While you play one hand, the next is being made ready

Table does the rest! After the hand, slip the deck into the shuffle-box on the side of the table. Each player picks out

Made and guaranteed by THE HAMMOND CLOCK COMPANY OF CHICAGO, who also make America's finest Bichronous and Synchronous electric clocks—for example, the popular Glenmora Model at \$27.50—tax paid

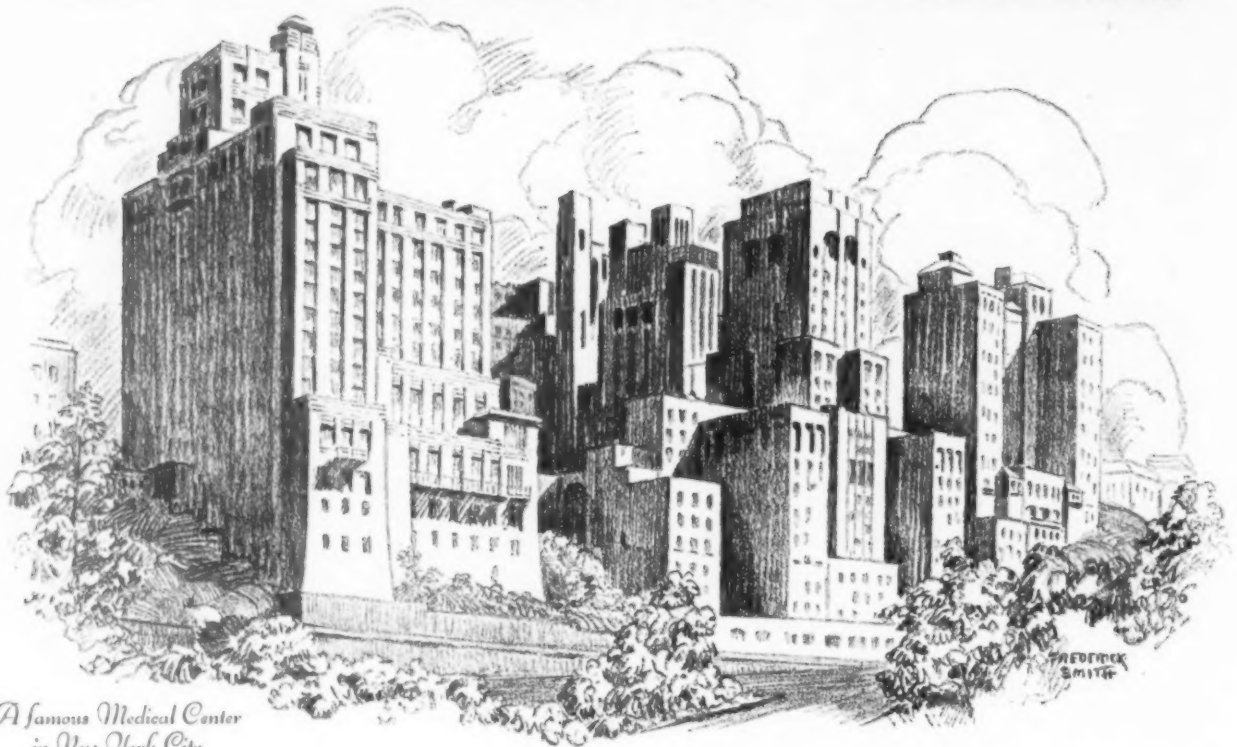


## HAMMOND ELECTRIC BRIDGE TABLE

IT SHUFFLES AND DEALS



# A Fortress of Health



*A famous Medical Center  
in New York City*

**I**N peace-time as well as in war-time a hospital is a fortress of health.

Our fine, modern hospitals are the richest storehouses in the world of medical knowledge and skill. They are health centers which guard the people of their communities.

While your hospital is nursing the sick and the injured, its laboratories are finding new ways to protect your health. As a result of medical research in hospitals, many diseases are disappearing.

Modern surgery, aided by skilful nursing in hospitals, restores to health tens of thousands each year.

In the past, people generally have thought of hospitals merely as the best places to which they could go in case of accident or when an operation was unavoidable. Today people are rapidly beginning to realize that the hospital is the best place in which to be in event of any serious illness.



No home, no matter how comfortable, is so well equipped to furnish the many forms of service—any one of which may be needed instantly and imperatively—as a properly conducted hospital.

People unfamiliar with the wide scope of hospital work think only of the patients in hospital beds. One great hospital in New York City treats in its clinics an average of 1400 visiting patients each day. The hospital of the future will play an even greater part in caring for the health of the people. It will be a medical center which radiates health protection.

National, State and County hospitals are supported by taxation. A few private hospitals and sanatoria are on a self-supporting basis. But the great majority of private hospitals are dependent upon endowments and sustaining contributions for bare necessities—proper equipment and needed surgical, medical and nursing staffs.

*Appreciate Your Local Hospital.*

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1932 M. L. I. CO.



DECEMBER, 1932

FORTY-NINTH YEAR

## GREAT MINDS AT WORK

"There is practically no open sale of intoxicating liquor in the United States."

—Amos W. W. Woodcock

"What we need to-day, my comrades, are Americans big enough to put patriotism above politics."

—Patrick J. Hurley

"I, my wife and son have nothing left but my pension of \$18,000 a year."

—Sam Insull

"There is no Santa Claus in American politics."

—Gen. Smedley D. Butler

"Most lawbreakers never had a chance."

—Clarence Darrow

"I am afraid that I suffer from a mental deficiency."

—Theodore Dreiser

"Perhaps what this country needs is a good poem."

—Herbert Hoover

"History is a swell thing to write about."

—Hendrik W. Van Loon

"If I had any sense I would go away and keep quiet."

—Jas. J. Walker



"You may serve me my coffee now, Mandy."  
"Oui, oui, mam'selle."





*"Attention, patrol cars! Put up all tops and side curtains! It's snowing! Attention, patrol cars! It's snowing!"*

### The Hit-and-Run Thinker

By Benjamin DeCasseres

A PROHIBITIONIST is a fellow who is afraid to take his first drink, and a perpetual souse is a fellow who is afraid to take his last.

The truth, like a woman's face, has got to be made up to pass.

The triangle was invented by Euclid, tested by Don Juan, and brought to perfection by scenario writers.

If Thomas Jefferson could come back he wouldn't.

Whenever a woman looks in a mirror she always sees a man.

Suggestion for a figure to surmount the national Capitol: The Great God Alibi Passing the Buck.

A woman's heart is a suppressed newspaper.

Children and very old people agree on one thing—*nothing matters.*

The professional patriot is the original jawbone of the original ass.



*"We'll have to be careful this year, boys, or we'll win permanent possession of it."*

### LIFE LINES

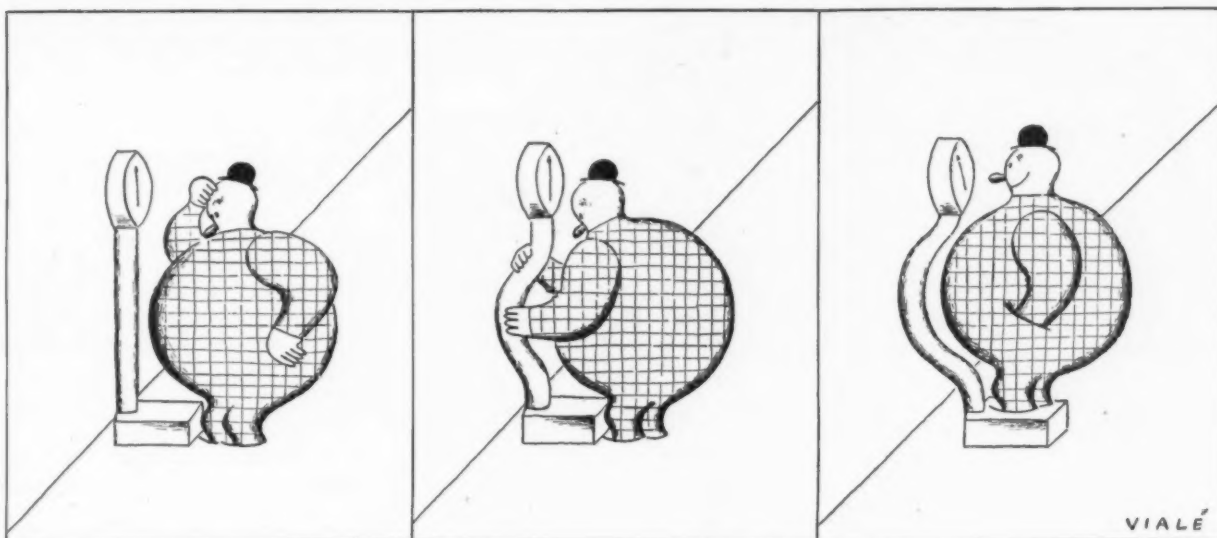
EVERY year America is becoming more and more standardized, complains a writer. Evidently he has never seen our street Santa Clauses.

Many theatrical companies are on a co-operative basis at present. Each week the management takes out its expenses, then the deficit is divided among the actors.

Nowadays, when you take the family out for a Sunday afternoon drive in the car, the big idea is to bring 'em back alive.

We have been waiting a long time for some crooner to make "Off Key I Sing" his theme song.

Kissing a night club hostess only once cost a Wall Street broker \$5,000. The way things are, we would rather have the money.



## SO YOU'RE BACK FROM RUSSIA!

... Mr. Terwilliger Tells All

By  
Leonard  
Hall

"I HEAR you're just back from Russia," said the lady with the drooping chest, pouncing on the harassed young man who had just scuttled into a dark corner of the room farthest from the bar.

"Yes," said the young man. "Just back. Landed Thursday. This is my sixth party in four days. Everybody wants—"

"You simply shan't budge a step till you've told me every last word about it," said the lady, hiking up her chair to cut off the young man's retreat. "I'm just absolutely dying to hear how things are going over there! I've never been, of course, but the whole experiment—it's the very greatest in the world, don't you think?—well, it simply fascinates me, that's all. I've wanted to go every blessed year, but George, well, you know George! I don't seem to be able to get him past Paris. 'George,' I tell him, 'where on earth is your sense of adventure? For goodness' sake, let's get away from all this luxury and drinking for once and see people who are really doing big things!' But George, poor dear, just snorts and orders another *fine*. Of course, I've read absolutely every line about the Soviets, especially the Morris Hindu books, and I almost feel as though I really knew Mr. Stalin and Mr. Militov and Mr. Trotsky and all those fascinating men who are doing really big things over

there. Tell me, Mr. Terwilliger, what was the most thrilling thing you saw in Russia? They say—"

The young man came timorously out of his coat collar, where he had been cowering. "Well," he said, "I was in Moscow on May Day, and probably the demonstration in the Red Square was—"

"Moscow! The Red Square!" heaved the lady. "I seem to feel that I know every last stone in the Red Square, I've heard and read so much about it! Tell me, is it really as devastating as everyone says—that big old Kremlin, and Mr. Lenin's tomb, and the place where poor Joe Reed is buried, and all those fascinating landmarks? Did you go and see Mr. Lenin's body under glass? Do you think it is really Lenin, or just a wax figure they've put there? Myra Fothergill said last year that she was perfectly certain it is just a wax dummy, but a big Red soldier pushed her along before she could stand and stare long enough. My, that Red Army! Poor us, if it comes our way, eh, Mr. Terwilliger? By the way, how is the food this year? Myra says—"

"Frankly," said the tortured youth,

raising his voice, "the food is lousy. Of course, if one has plenty of American dollars—"

"OH, well, American dollars!" thrust in the lady, flouncing. "Dollars, of course. But I think it is too perfectly shameful how one can get the finest caviar and delicacies like that if one has plenty of American dollars and how all those poor Russians have to stand in line for hours and hours just to get some bread, and even then maybe there isn't any,

with their silly roubles. Isn't it too dour, Mr. Terwilliger? And that reminds me—my, oh my! Poor Myra! Do you know in Moscow she changed two hundred dollars into those ridiculous roubles at two for a dollar, and after she'd been there ten days a friend of a man in the newspaper game told her she could get fifteen roubles for a dollar from a pock-marked old Chinaman there who trades in money. Wasn't that too grim? Myra

tells me she knows a girl from Albany—Hess, I think her name is—who smuggled seven hundred and fifty roubles across the border in her girdle that she got in Berlin for only fifty dollars at some bank or other there. Of course, it's chancy, Myra says. By the way, Mr. Terwilliger, is it true





"I caught him taking instead of leaving things!"

that ghastly women inspectors search women when they cross the frontier? I heard that Heywood Broun's secretary was stripped and had a perfectly foul time at—"

"I never heard of an American woman being searched," came from the lower end of the young man's spine. "But they usually go over Russian women pretty thoroughly when they come back into—"

"THAT'S precisely the point I make," said the lady, grasping a lapel. "Foreigners get the best of everything, and the poor dear Russians go right on suffering. Except the kiddies, of course—they do simply everything for the kiddies. Myra says the *crèches* and so on are simply too divine for mere words! Did you see a *crèche*? But the workers are so ignorant and so poor, Myra says, and the poor dears are trying so awfully hard to put over their Five Year Plan. What do you think of the Five Year Plan, Mr. Terwilliger, and what year is it now? No wonder they drink so much vodka! I'll bet you got plenty of vodka! I made George buy me some in Paris last summer and I just shut my eyes and tried to pretend I was in one of those fascinating cafés in Mos-

cow, but my! I simply loathed the stuff! Isn't it a shame that they can't get good whiskies, if they must drink, and goodness knows the poor things should have a little fun and relaxation, toiling and moiling the way they do! At that, the Russians must be better off than they were before the Revolution, or are they? My, I don't see how they could be worse, with all those grand dukes and Rasputin and all. . . . Yoo-hoo! Grace! Excuse me, Mr. Terwilliger, I must tell Grace some of the fascinating things you've been telling me about Russia! You've really given me something. You've decided me to go, next summer, George or no George. Too exciting! Moscow! What a thrilling experience! I hope you write a good book, Mr. Terwilliger. I'll watch for it."

"A pleasure," said the young man, struggling dazedly to his feet. "But I'm not going to write a book. I was only there a few—"

"I'm sure it will be a wonderful human document, your book. Bye-bye! And thanks, thanks, thanks!"

THE young man shook himself and ambled wearily toward the bar. As a highball glass caressed his hot palm, he felt a tug at his coattail. Turning, he looked into the glittering eyes of an angular female.

"Mr. Terwilliger!" she beamed. "I've been looking for you everywhere. I hear you're just back from Russia. You must tell me—"

"Russia?" said the young man. "Russia? Oh, no indeed! I'm just in from Hollywood on parole. And Baby—" here he tapped the lady on a prominent clavicle—"you can take it from me straight, right hot from the paddock, that Garbo is coming back!"



"I tell you, I'm working my damn fool head off!"





*Why not brighten up the holiday season with beach pajamas?*

## WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS

(A European laboratory is now turning out human freaks for circuses by artificial means)

By  
Parke Cummings

"WELL, Professor, how's the lab work progressing these days?"

"Very well, thank you. For the last three weeks I've been working on a revolutionary experiment. Things look promising, and I figure in another month, if I don't get my test tubes mixed, I'll have perfected a woman who can back a car into a garage without taking the doors off."

"Say, science sure is wonderful, isn't it? Turning out any other freaks?"

"Well, we've had great success with a small boy who cries unless he has

spinach for every meal, and the circuses are offering a huge sum for a bridge player who doesn't drone: 'Ten thousand homeless are walking the streets of London,' when his partner fails to lead out trumps. But so far we're stumped. There's evidently some chemical we haven't discovered."

"Uh huh. Very interesting."

"Quite. And then you may know we've succeed-



## Big Moment in Tin Pan Alley

*A composer finds a passage from Beethoven that hasn't been stolen.*

ed in perfecting a woman who gets off a street car facing frontwards instead of backwards. She's already booked up, and of course we're having hundreds of orders for boys who won't wipe their hands on the guest towels. Darn near every family—"

"I should think so. Doing anything with animals?"

"YES. We've perfected cats that don't yowl at night, dogs that don't shake themselves on summer frocks when they come out of the water, and rabbits that have offspring only four times a year."

"Marvelous!"

"Yes, but of course our best work is with humans. We're working on triple threat backfield men who can keep off probation, women who aren't more than ten minutes late for engagements (I've ruined darn near a hundred test tubes on that one), men who frankly admit that they haven't a sense of humor, a chess champion guaranteed to make at least ten moves in an hour, and a motorist who won't blow his horn in a traffic jam. We're really doing great things all right. Might even perfect a coughless theatre-goer some day."

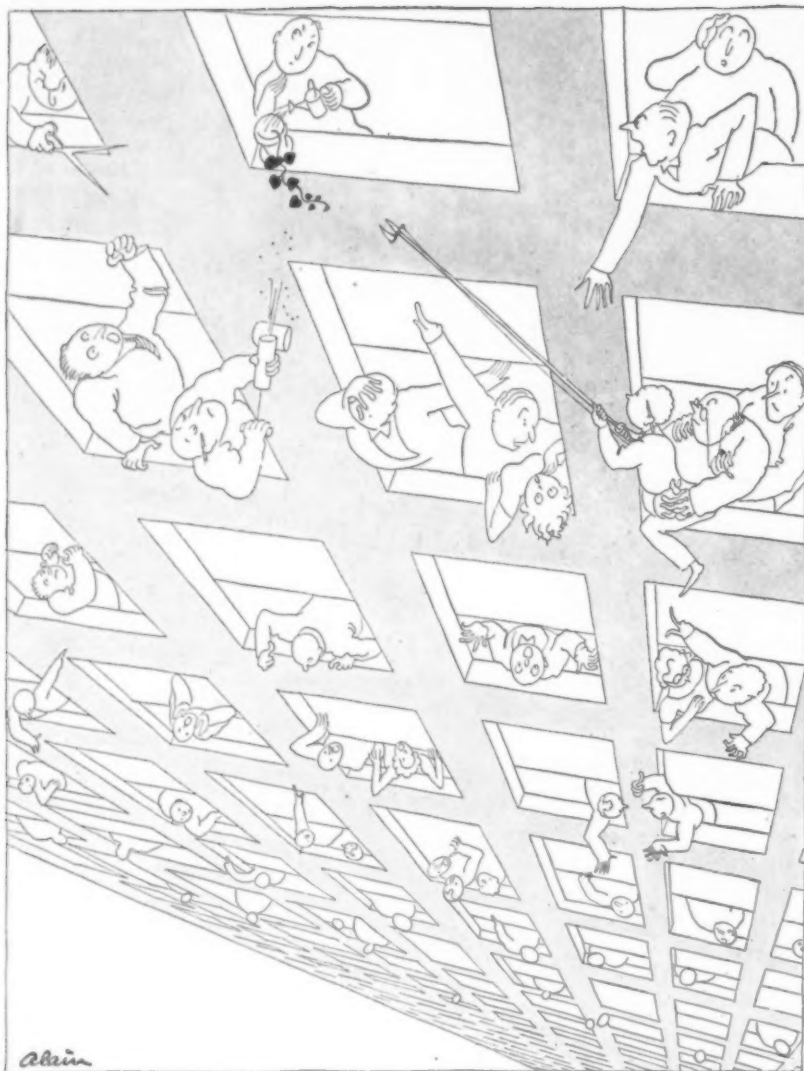


"Gosb, not a darned thing to do!"



Sinbad . . . . Mistaken Identity





*The man who ruined the symmetry of the Empire State Building.*

## Letters of a Modern Father

By  
McCready  
Huston

**M**Y Dear Daughter: The government building program was such a success that I am out of the brick business temporarily and for that reason I cannot help your husband while he is writing his novel. It was either close up or dig a sub-basement so we'd have some place for the sales curve to go.

But I've got hold of something hot. A fellow has designed a coffee percolator with a screen over the spout so the husband at the breakfast table cannot see the coffee as it flows into the cup and tell whether it is weak or strong.

We figure we can put one of these

on every breakfast table in the country if we can get enough men together to

hold a conference. The chap who has the patent on the percolator has a long walnut table left over from his last business and he says he will furnish the table and the wall charts if I put in the capital. So all we need to start is some chairs.

I've got my eye on some good looking directors' chairs from the First, Second and Third National Bank.

Any private mail had better be sent to my office for a while. Your Aunt Hattie is making us her annual visit. Hattie is a lovely old lady and wouldn't open another person's mail for anything but every time she is here people seem to seal their letters carelessly and they simply come open in her hands when she snatches them in from the postman.

## Party

**W**HO all was there?

Oh, Emma, an' Helen, an' Stella.

Y'mean no men?

Naw, no men.

Gawd what a party, no men.

It was nice, though.

How d'ya mean, nice?

She had purple grapes an' ice cream.

My gawd, purple grapes!

They wasn't bad.

An' all them seeds you et.

Y'mean they're bad?

Bad? I bet you got 'pendiseedis this minit.

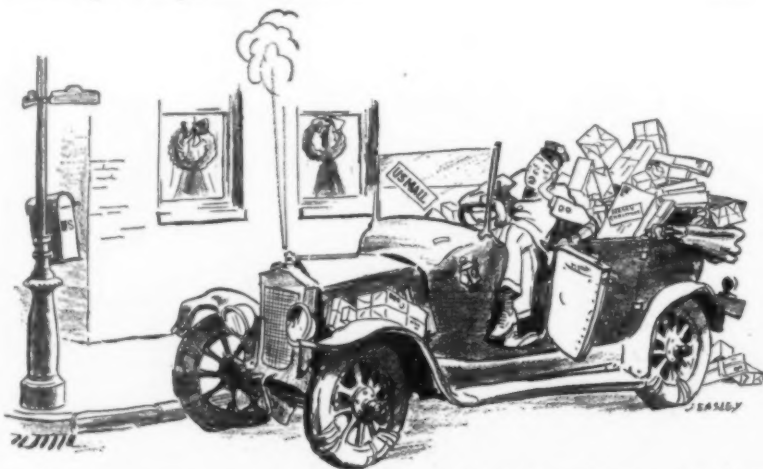
Gee, an' they tasted swell.

Emma's sister died of it.

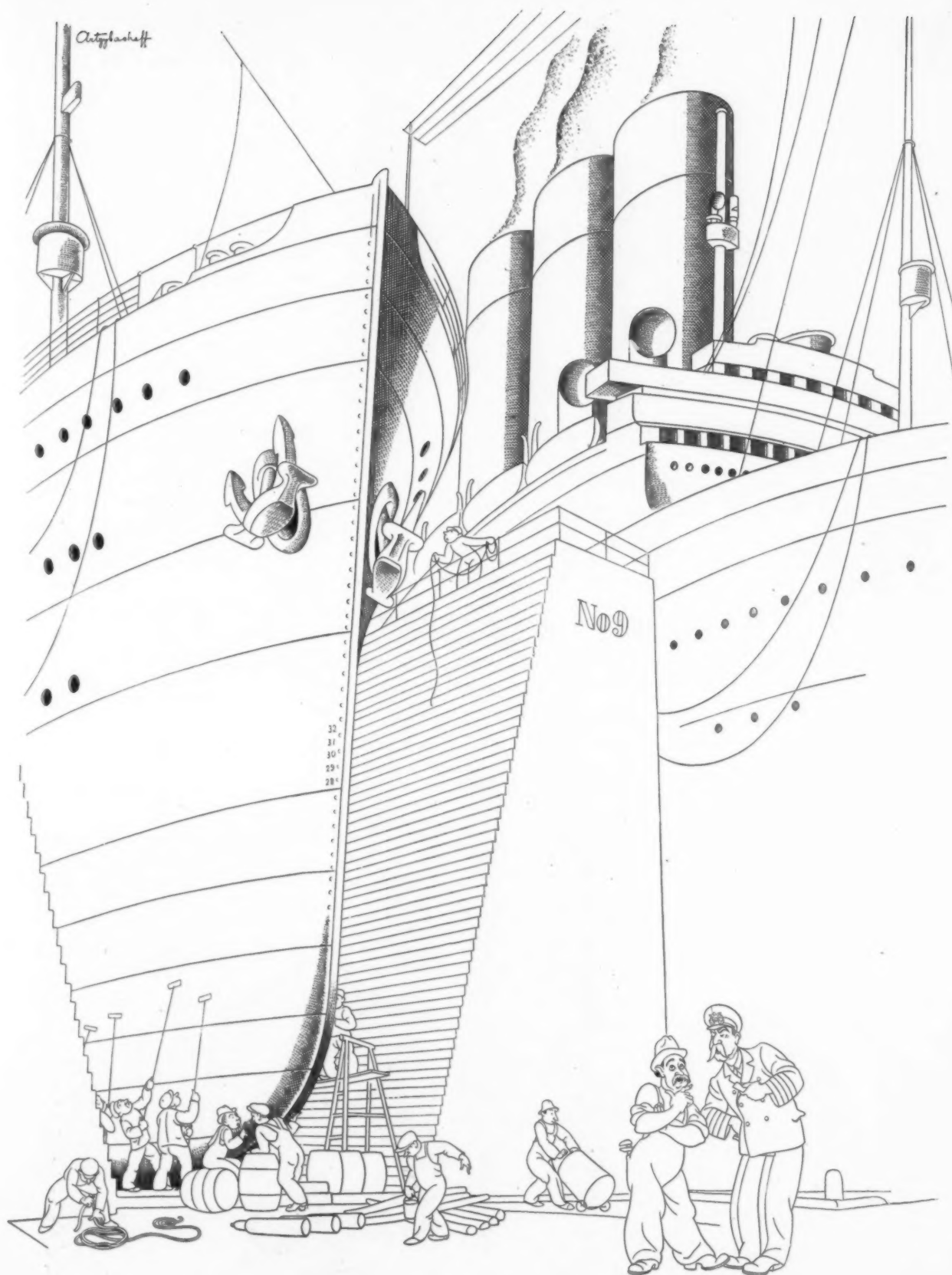
Y'know, I got kind of a pain already.

Her an' her purple grapes!

—Sheila Smith.



*"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."*



*"Think hard, now; where did you put the Leviathan?"*



"Let's see: that takes care of the Markhams; now all we have to get is something for Uncle Fred."

## Why Women Throw Dishes

... A Holiday Epic

"GOOD evening, Honey—dinner ready?"

"All ready, darling. Are you?"

"Not yet. Whatcha got to eat?"

"Oh, I've just roasted a nice turkey—"

"Mmm. Got 'er stuffed?"

"Of course! Lovely chestnut stuffing and brown gravy."

"Sounds swell. What else you got besides the bird?"

"Mashed potatoes, turnips, creamed onions, French peas, celery, pudding; oh, you know, a regular turkey dinner!"

"Oh, boy! Cranberry sauce, too, I suppose?"

"Yes; you don't think I'd forget that, do you? Well, are you going to sit down? Everything is nice and hot!"

"Everything ready, eh?"

"All ready!"

"Too bad, dear. I'm not a bit hungry; I've just had dinner with George Breem!"

—Dana Cotie.

But, though she wrote and duly mailed,  
At selling very flatly failed.

(She is—at time of this inditing—  
A teacher of short story writing.)

—E. B. Crosswhite.

## LIFE IN SOCIETY

A DINNER, bridge and backgammon party took place last night at the Ardsley Racquet and Swimming and Dinner, Bridge and Backgammon Club. Mrs. Howard Falk had charge of the confusion.

Mrs. Richard S. Smith and the Misses Dora and Janet Aldrich have come from Nantucket to the Ambassador where they will be marooned for the Winter—but not by water.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Morgan will give a dinner dance on Dec. 27 in the grand ballroom of the Pierre for their 500-grand-daughter, Miss Patience Morgan.

Mrs. Frank E. F. Gardiner entertained with a luncheon at Puckered Orchard during the Schnauser Club Dog Show on her estate yesterday. Schnauser onions.

Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Jahncke arrived by motor from Squanton, Mass., today by automobile. Mr. Jahncke is Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

—Jack Cluett.



"Can I help you, Mary?"

"No ma'am, I'm too busy!"

## Bitter Biographies

FROM childhood into later years  
She read most authors' works with  
jeers,



# BLESSED HOLIDAYS

... A Paean of Praise

THE gifted seers who planned the years

Deserve three long crescendo cheers,  
Deserve our lays of potent praise  
For granting gracious holidays!

A plague on men who mill and moil,  
Who sanctify the Gods of Toil!  
A pox on all your Busy Bees  
In league against a life of ease!  
The Lord gave man (His chief distress)

Abundantly of laziness.

And so it seems both rude and odd  
For man to flout the will of God.  
Thus any one who isn't crazy  
Might just as well be good and lazy!

WHO'D rather toil with righteous zest

Than carve a roasted turkey's breast?  
Who'd rather peddle silks and chintz  
Than slice a perfect pie of mince?  
Who'd rather slave the morn away  
Than snore 'til noon Thanksgiving Day?

Who'd rather build a box or barrel  
Than sing a merry Christmas carol?  
Who'd rather sweat and fret than be  
Asleep beside a Christmas tree?

What freak, from Greenland to the Isthmus,

Prefers a working day to Christmas?

Who'd rather sow or grow or weave  
Than liquefy a New Year's Eve?

What sort of mad and morbid man  
Would rather slave the 1st of Jan.?

Who'd rather buy or sell or lend  
Than drink a *prosit* with a friend?

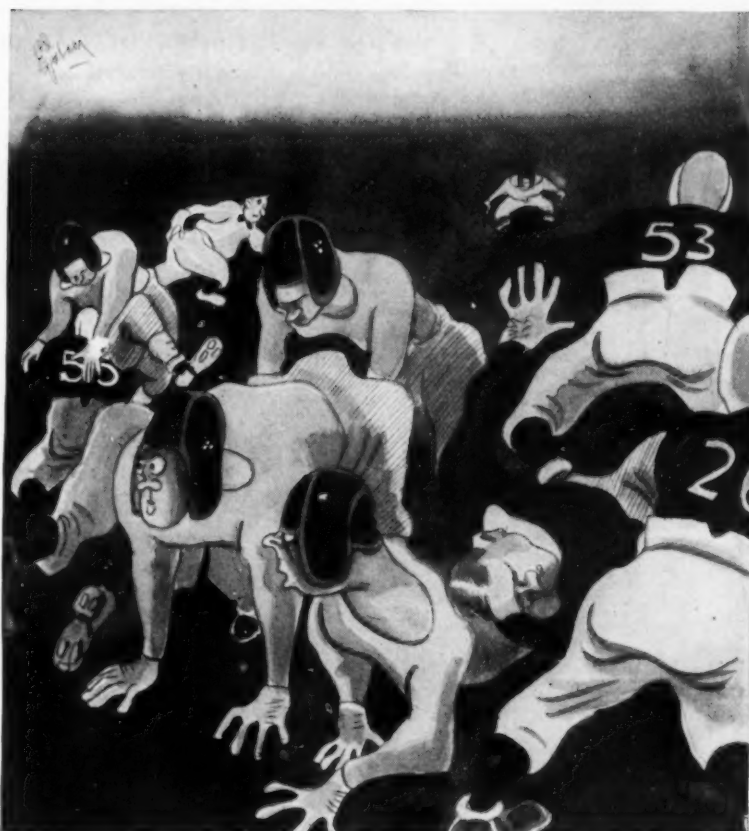
WE'VE got a good five-cent cigar,  
A cheap and useful motor car.  
We've even got, by Allah's grace,  
A modicum of parking space.  
But still we need, our souls to raise,  
Three hundred extra holidays  
Of joy and jest, of charm and cheer  
To lessen labor through the year,  
So we may follow, with success,  
Our aptitude for laziness!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

A lot of people are learning economy these days the way a man learns to swim after being pushed off a dock.

Much energy may be saved by remembering that when a long-winded talker is telling a story it is not necessary really to start listening until he begins making gestures.

One great danger in drinking a couple of highballs is sometimes they give you the idea that you don't have to work the next day.



"Quit countin' the house and get your mind on the game!"



"I don't know who he is—I just met him at Tony's."

# POLLY

The Park Avenue Girl Who Knows Nothing About Practically Everything

1.

"H-M-M-M-M-M!! A chance to earn Christmas money! Daddy's been getting pretty purple over our shopping lists! It would be simply hot-cha to give him a tie Christmas morning and write on the tag, 'Merry Christmas from Polly with her own money!' And besides, my trippy dance, 'Spring on the Wing', in the Junior League revue, 'Dimples and Dumbbells', gasped them—even if my shoulder strap did break!"



2.

"Let me see 'em!" said Lew Brown, the producer.  
"Okay-ee!"



3.

"I sing, too! I'm always asked to do my impersonations of Lou Holtz or Billy Gaxton or Willie Howard late at night in speakeasies or somewhere! My impersonation of Billy Gaxton singing religious songs waving my arms like he does is terribly funny, Mr. Brown, and—"



4.

"This dance is symbolic, Mr. Felix. It's about a robin coming north in May and when I snap my fingers that's the noise he makes landing in trees and—"

5.

"This costume, Mr. Brown, isn't very Colonial. I mean mother is a Colonial Dame and I've attended some of their meetings and—"



6.

"Mr. Felix—I've got a good idea for the opening number! Why couldn't we all be in a subway station dancing in and out of the turn-stiles—their click would be the time beat—and in the crush we'd get all our street clothes torn off and we'd be dancing in undies which would be a big hit, don't you think?"



7.

("Umm—I like the juvenile.")



8.

"What do you mean I'm out of step?! What about the other girls?—I started on the left foot? I, Mr. Felix, happen to be right-footed! Anyway—I think it's cute for one girl to be out of step—it sorta makes her stand out and—"



9.

"What did you say, Mr. Brown?"  
"I said, that's the costume you're to wear all through the show, baby! You wear it out front—and don't forget to give a program to every person you show to a seat!"

10.

"That's what I think of the show business!"



JEFFERSON  
MACHER



"What, no Lily cups!"



## Department Store Advertising

### ... A Glimpse of Bedlam

By Rita Bowen

ADVERTISING always begins with a Conference. The Conference opens as soon after 9:00 a. m. as the staff can struggle in. The object of the meeting is fair distribution of the store's daily newspaper space among the ad writers—called "copy writers" to make it more confusing. If the millinery writer can prove that Paris hats are more important to the nation's welfare than, say, cellophane-wrapped baby buggies, she gets the biggest space. If, on the other hand, the baby wins, the millinery writer is dragged away kicking and screaming. The baby-buggy writer dashes away triumphantly, to splash ink in the faces of the city's million mothers.

When Conference has died down, everybody retreats to cubicles known as "private" offices. A window trimmer barges in to report that the Mickey Mouse sign got in the knit underwear window by mistake and the Better Business Bureau demands an apology. A companion in crime wants to know how to spell beige, explaining that

someone is sitting on the dictionary because his chair isn't high enough.

The lingerie buyer calls up and asks for the top of the page. You tell her O.K. The gold-fish buyer 'phones for the top of the page. You compromise by promising to put a typographical fence around his ad to attract attention, plus two stars in the corner. The socks and necktie buyer calls up for—how did you guess it?—the top of the page. You assure him you will set his ad upside down instead, with a picture of a gangster to rivet the reader's eye. The idea is to say something soothing and say it quick. This is

called "Effective Buyer Psychology."

Some copy writers steel themselves to write in the split seconds between interruptions. As for me, I can stand just so much of this life in the raw. Then I rush down to the boiler room to write my paeans on pickles and opera pumps amid the restful roar of the engines and the quiet cussing of the stokers.

AN Advertising Staff, in case someone should romp up and ask you, consists of the advertising manager, his assistant, copy writers, artists, layout specialist, and proof reader.

All the advertising manager has to do is to satisfy the public, the executives, the buyers, the Better Business Bureau, and the Chamber of Commerce. The assistant advertising manager is hired to work when the manager goes to ball games.

The copy writers are people who exist solely on aspirin, coffee, and cigarettes. Theirs is the dirty work of selling enough goods to meet the payroll and have enough left over for dividends. Copy writers, like plumbing, are considered essential, but not to be mentioned in polite circles.

The artists are frustrated souls who spend their lives drawing Stylish Stouts



"I guess I'll apply for that job myself!"

in double-strength corsets, when their hearts cry out to paint Venus robed in a rosy glow.

The layout specialist is one who tears up the day's work at the end of each day and begins all over again to suit the contradictory whims of managers, buyers, copy writers, and artists. The average life of a layout specialist is one year and six months.

The proof reader is one who is to blame for everyone else's mistakes.

I trust this makes everything crystal-clear in regard to advertising. And now let's go to the movies and get away from it all.

### Abbreviated Nonsense

OF persons I know a great No.  
Who go to the Opera and slo.

I've often walked the Ave.  
To see the beauties. Have. ?

I bought stock in a western oil Co.  
As for oil, I don't think that they po.

The knowledge to be an Esq.  
Is one that is hard to acq.

A woman needed a Dr.  
Because her husband sr.

If I were a rich atty.  
I'd go for a nice ocean jy.

A nun who aspired to a St.  
Was kissed and fell down in a ft.

—E. L. E.



"Just think—we're seeing 'Schnozzle' Durante in person!"

### —Or Something

... A study in Metathesis

"OH JOHN, I forgot to tell you. We'll have to do something right away about the mutler's battress. He's been complaining that he wants a new one."

"The what? Who?"

"How silly of me! Of course, I mean the matler's buttress."

"I still don't get it. What?"

"We'll have to get the battler a new mutress. He's been complaining."

"WHO has been complaining about WHAT?"

"The mutrer has been complaining about the batless. I mean the battrer has been complaining about the mutless. The mattress has been complaining about the butler. ——— !!! It's Perkins; he wants a softer bed!"

—Myra M. Waterman.



"That's two yo' owe me."



*A Tintype of Ed Wynn, Scissored and Soldered by Tony Balcom*



## ED WYNN



**F**OR the past twenty years Ed Wynn has been known as "The Perfect Fool." Six months ago he denounced radio as not even a step-child of the theater. Even now he declares that he doesn't enjoy radio broadcasting.

Yet a few weeks ago he announced the organization of a new radio program agency with himself as president. The agency, he says, will give the crooners and the little theaters of the air a taste of Broadway showmanship.

Wynn is like that. He hates bosses. "I'm gonna be the chief again," he says, at the beginning of each radio broadcast. This desire to play the chief has flung him from poverty to wealth and back again many times during his career. Today, looking more like his own business manager than the nervous, benevolent imbecile whose falsetto giggle nets him five thousand dollars a week on the radio and, roughly, another five from his current stage production, now on tour, he will tell you that he doesn't do it for the money. He says he doesn't want to be the richest man in the cemetery.

Born in Philadelphia, the son of a well-to-do milliner, Wynn's earliest recollection is of standing in a corner at Sargeant's Grammar School for

twenty successive Monday afternoons with his back to the class. For twenty Mondays previously he had told the principal that he was suffering from a strange illness that required expert medical attention. He used to cure himself at Keith's Bijou Theater until his father, hearing of his scholastic treachery, had him barred from the theater for three months.

**S**EVERAL years later his father forwarded a check to the University of Pennsylvania for his son's freshman tuition. The check was returned in four days with a courteous note from the registrar to the effect that although there was such a student enrolled, he had never put in a physical appearance.

The posse subsequently organized found the youth in a garden interior at Norwich, Connecticut, with the Thurber-Nasher Repertoire Company. It was his first professional stage appearance. He was sixteen years old and played Parson John, a seventy-year-old Methodist cleric, in "Jim Bledsoe." His duties also included hoisting the company's trunks aboard the train at the end of each stand. The job paid twelve dollars a week.

A few weeks ago a seedy old man wandered into the theater where Wynn was rehearsing "The Laugh Parade" for the road. He was the man who had given Wynn his first theatrical job, and he was broke. Wynn asked his former employer if he remembered how much he had paid him (Wynn). The old man remembered—twelve dollars a week. Wynn called his manager and ordered him to give the old fellow a job and twelve dollars a week for the rest of his life.

Nearly all of the comedian's more-than-average income is paid out to hundreds of former associates and less affluent relatives. One of his staff recently remarked that if the depression continues Wynn will have to begin laying off second cousins.

**T**HE Norwich incident convinced Wynn's father that he had an incurably stage-struck son. He denounced the theater, saying no son of his would ever disgrace the family name on a bill-poster. Ed's offer to change his name was countered with, "No, because if you become famous, nobody will know you are my son." It was Wynn's first indication that his father possessed a sense



"Gosh, I thought our lunch hour would never come!"

of humor. Later he did drop the family name, Leopold, and split his middle name, Edwin, two for one.

WYNN, laboring through his part as Parson John at twelve dollars a week, became more and more convinced that he could do a better job than the company's comedian, who drew a salary of sixty dollars a week. He also noted that the comedian was fond of whiskey. With a hypocrisy that would have put Judas to shame, Wynn proceeded to make friends with the comedian. The idea was to take him out for some quiet drinking just before the show, get him too drunk to go on, and then triumph in the comedy rôle. He got the idea out of a book.

All went well until the second drink, when Wynn became so drunk that he remembered nothing more until the following day. The landlady told him that the comedian had brought him home, undressed him, and put him to bed.

Wynn becomes furious when peo-

ple ask him who writes his stuff for him. He has written three successive Broadway hits (books, lyrics, and music), is the author of eleven vaudeville acts, has collaborated and starred in more musical comedies than he can name offhand, and has one hundred and eighty published songs to his credit. A single gag man digs up new material for him, but Wynn rewrites everything that is submitted. He never accepts a joke or gag from anyone else.

His collection of jokes he values at sixty thousand dollars. It is carefully indexed from Acrobats to Xylophones, and will be given to the New York Public Library when he dies.

RADIO terrified him for years. Even now he declares that each broadcast makes him more nervous than an opening night of a new show. He was afraid of being a failure on the air because his motion picture career was outstandingly unsuccessful. He listened to too many people who knew all about the movies.

The "Shubert Gaieties of 1919" saw Ed Wynn receiving a salary of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week. His five-year contract with the Shuberts had three years to run. The forty-five managers who then controlled the theater were beginning to be annoyed by the desire of actors to form a labor union. On August 6, 1919, Ed Wynn left his dressing room and joined the actors' strike. At this, every Broadway manager swore a solemn oath never to employ Ed Wynn again. The Shuberts released him from his contract and he started to look for a job.

He sat in managers' waiting rooms for twenty-nine weeks, eleven consecutive days of which he cooled his heels in Flo Ziegfeld's office in the New Amsterdam. Then a friend suggested that he put on his own show. He had saved a little money and his wife offered her support to the extent of pawning the family jewels.

Wynn called on composers, lyricists, librettists. Before the strike they had been begging for a chance to write for him. Now they were just awfully busy. Not one had the courage to defy the managers' boycott.

THUS the book, lyrics, and music of "Ed Wynn's Carnival" were written by the comedian himself. He helped design the costumes and the scenery and staged the entire production. The show opened in Atlantic City and, again through the enmity of the managers, played nineteen weeks of one-night stands. At length a show running at the New Amsterdam closed prematurely and Wynn's production was sneaked into New York. It ran for thirty-nine weeks.

One by one the managers capitulated. Sam H. Harris and Al Woods were the first to speak to Wynn when they passed by. It was seven years before Wynn and George M. Cohan were reconciled. Today they are intimate friends, and Wynn regards Cohan as the greatest living genius in the American theater.



"All right; now stick the whistle in my mouth!"

Now the lyricists, the librettists and composers were eager to work for him again. But the success of the Carnival convinced him that he could write his own shows. He wrote the book, lyrics, and music of "The Perfect Fool." It ran eighty-seven weeks. He wrote the book, lyrics, and music of "The Grab Bag." It ran eighty-eight weeks. Keep that in mind, as Wynn does, when someone begins telling you what a clever fellow Noel Coward is. The Perfect Fool is one of the most flexible of stage characters.

WYNN is inevitably associated with funny hats. He has more than one thousand spavined derbies, derelict straws, shakoes, fedoras, snoods, busbies, berets, and firemen's hats. One of these, a small, red fez, is known to him and to Willie, his dresser, as "the lucky hat." On the night of his first broadcast, an official of the company sponsoring his program picked up the hat and insisted on wearing it, much to Wynn's and Willie's consternation. Radio swept Wynn to new heights of popularity. Now, each evening before the broadcast, Willie solemnly stalks the official and places the little fez on his head. Wynn wouldn't go on otherwise.

Since his radio debut Wynn has been made honorary chief of so many fire departments that if he wore all the medals at once he would



look like the late John Philip Sousa.

He dresses for his parts on the radio, changing his costume seven times in his half-hour program. He has worn the same stage shoes since 1908. He bought them for three dollars and a half and has spent several hundred dollars keeping them in repair. Not a scrap of the original leather remains and the shoes are known to cobblers from coast to coast. His dressing rooms are plastered with lucky charms, but he says he is superstitious only to the extent of believing that for every good deed he does he is repaid tenfold.

Smut, says Wynn, is old-fashioned, but even if it weren't he would make no use of it. He believes that an actor who plays a smutty scene displays not cleverness but merely nerve. He is not a prude

but he honestly believes that dirt is the refuge of a second-rate comedian.

During the Winter Wynn takes practically no recreation, sleeping until noon, writing new gags for his radio program and playing his show. Last Summer he lived on a small houseboat in Long Island Sound. His home is in Great Neck. He is president of the Erlwynn Production Company, of Keenan Productions Company (named for his son, Keenan Wynn), of the Wynnbruzer Realty Company, and of the new Amalgamated Broadcasting System. He put his money into the latter after a conversation of only a few minutes with Ota Gygi, a friend of vaudeville days. The new agency will furnish radio programs conceived and staged in the Broadway tradition. Wynn thinks it will be successful.

HE would like to see a state theater, subsidized by the government, and believes actors should be recognized by the government for contributing to people's happiness. His greatest desire is for the world to mourn the passing of their funny man when he dies. Meanwhile, if he has time, he is going to write an article on, "How to Tell Hoover from Roosevelt."

—Philip Curtis Humphrey.







VOL. 99

*"While There's Life, There's Hope"*

NUMBER 2573

**E**LECTION is over. Hoovelt got it. There were many who thought it mattered little whether he or Roosevelt was chosen. But it did make a difference. Somebody had to be counted out so the bets could be paid. Otherwise it may not have mattered so very much. Roosevelt and Hoovelt were both responsible persons, interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* without any avoidable improvements. It was really hard to get up any legitimate excitement about them. Accusations fell on rather dull ears, for hardly anything that Hoovelt and his merry men in Congress had done or omitted to do but was matched by Roosevelt and his partisans, the partisans especially.

Party government in this country seems to be in a bad case. In all of Mr. Hoover's achievements to medicate the depression his labors were shared by Democrats. The doings that he was blamed for, especially the tariff rise, were accomplished through a very substantial assistance of Democratic votes. The Democrats do not vote together in Congress nor do the Republicans. The Election has chosen a President but has given no assurance that he will have behind him a party that will do what he wants done.

In England party government lapsed and a mixed government succeeded it because after the fall of the gold standard something had to be done. The job ahead of government in this country is enormous. It is not a party job at all; it calls for the cooperation of all available talent. If things go well enough perhaps we shall see such a combination.

**E**LECTING a President every four years is a factor in our apparatus of political education. Somebody is elected President and that is important because our machinery of government calls

for someone to sit in the White House.

There does seem to be an improvement in the economic condition. The rumpus of Election was bad for it. People believed, no doubt, too much of what was said by desperate partisans about the danger of electing the candidate they opposed. That is over and good riddance. The two leading aims in public and in private life are now to provide for the needy, especially the unemployed, and to cut down expenses until they come within the budget or somewhere near it. Our government's credit is still good. We might go on borrowing a while longer but that would not be the way to end the depression. We have too many laws, too many taxes, too much interference with life, and too many job-holders. That can all be improved and without a revolution either.

We are like the rest of the world—nearly all of it—in being much less rich than we were, but that does not necessarily mean that we are worse off. It means more nearly that we must be satisfied with less expensive employments and amusements. It was in the paper that William Haas had died. He was 77 years old and for thirty active years of his life he had been a waiter at Delmonico's and head waiter or Maître d'Hôtel most of the time. His attentive hands and head purveyed some of the simple pleasures of the later years of the 19th century to appreciative patrons. People had quite a good time in the late years of the 19th century. New York may not have been as good then as it was

when the Battery Park was its pleasure ground, but it was pretty good. Madison Square was very pleasant; Union Square was a park and not a stockade. Motor cars had not come. Central Park was pleasant and they fed one very agreeably at Delmonico's. There was not so much money in those times but the people who were alive and active then got along with what alleviation of indigence they could command and never knew but what they were having a good time.

We have an enormous amount of machinery to digest; we have an enormous amount of get-quick-riches to mark off but, after all, human life depends very much upon who lives it and really we have some new things that are very nice. The motor cars are not so bad. When life becomes adjusted to them and they get to be reconciled to survival of the human race, we shall get along with them better and with fewer fatalities. It will take a long time.



*"Oh, boy; a Presidential year, and it's my turn to put the outfit on the Great White Father!"*

**I**F we get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment that will be something, something quite important, though it will not in itself and by itself insure contentment. Drink is only a secondary concern; the big primary consideration is what goes on in the mind.

They say the Millennium is coming in 2001. The figures are exact and carefully computed

and look reliable to the computers. But that is a whole lifetime away, seventy years almost. We of this generation cannot wait for it. We shall have to fix up tolerable conditions for ourselves and learn to be happy in them. If we can really use the available powers and products of life as it now is for the promotion of human happiness, our own included, we will have no call to wait for a Millennium. The supply of goods—physical, mental, spiritual, material—is enormous. The great job of all is to hand them around.

—E. S. Martin.



## SIS, BLOOM, BLAH!

(LIFE does not choose to overlook the activities of Press Agent Bloom for the year ending December, 1932)

## FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge



**H**O HUM, the jolly round of Christmas festivities is commencing, and we'll all be a perfect wreck by 1933. Incidentally, don't let that washed-out

feeling that comes over one after celebrating the holidays cause you to make a lot of foolish New Year's resolutions. I knew a girl whose boyfriend talked her into swearing off using make-up for the New Year. He ankled around next evening, took one look at her map in the raw, and never dated her again!

But to get back to dear old Yule. Bootleggers are running themselves ragged delivering the Merry for Christmas parties. Rebellious husbands are being forced nightly into the soup and fish, and we girls are growing deaf from listening to our arches fall on shopping trips in the A. M. and at dances in the P. M.

With every host outdoing himself in the matter of Christmas cheer, no woman need groan if she marries a man after the twenty-fifth: "I didn't realize what I was getting!" Believe me, after you've dragged the boyfriend to a party a night during the holidays, you know ALL!

For example, a girl of my acquaintance, who thought she'd found her Dream Man, recently gave him the air. I saw her the other day and asked what was the big idea.

"Well," she said, "the fact is, I fell in love with Jim because he was so gentle. Ha! I didn't know from nothing! Friday evening he and I visited the Jones' and had a little cheer, and on the way home Jim beat up the taxi driver. And Saturday at the Smith's he went Clark Gable on me and tried to drag me around by the hair. Now, I ask you, how could I marry a guy like that?"

However, aside from such shocks, and the jolt which comes when you cast an eye over the present the boyfriend has lovingly selected for you, Christmas is really absolutely O.K. And I personally feel that all this emphasis on liquid entertaining is just so much horse feathers. Good gravy, why go around with a permanent cramp in your arm from agitating a cocktail shaker, when you can throw a successful party by simply buying a large bunch of mistletoe and letting Nature take its course?

**T**HE only thing is, you have to be a bit careful about who you invite. Last holiday season we planned a swell party, with a big crowd invited and five dollars' worth of Osculation Weed over the living room door. Well, that affair was practically ruined before it started. The first person to arrive was Uncle Willie, who is about as kissable as a gorilla, and what should he do but grab a chair and park himself directly under the mistletoe, waiting! We finally solved the problem by going out on the drive with a flashlight, and sneaking the girls in through a window.

Well, anyway, here's three rous-

ing huzzas for Dear Old Yule, and I hope that not many of us women will be put on a spot like the girl I read about in the paper the other day. She wrote to the Advice to the Love-lorn column and complained that she had been going with a boy for six years, and every Christmas he gave her a handkerchief! My advice to the girl, if he pulls that trick again, is to hand him the handkerchief and tell him to go blow his nose.

"Good will toward men" is an awfully sweet thought, but after all, you do have to draw the line somewhere!

## Protest

**I**N blue, I seem demure and shy,  
Afraid of men who pass me by;  
In brown, I'm self controlled and nice,  
No one would ever see me twice:  
I'll wear them both until I'm dead.  
Absurd, that I should yearn for red.

—P. M.



"Well I didn't know what size you wore, so I just had to guess!"



"You would wear a business suit! I told you it was going to be formal!"





# Shoot for Mouth- Happiness

**AND WIN IT WITH SPUD**

When it's play . . . like shooting pool . . . smoking is a big part of the pleasure. And when it's work . . . like shooting newsreels . . . smoking is a stimulation and a stand-by!

So, work or play, you'll want to shoot for mouth-happiness . . . complete smoking pleasure without counting cigarettes.

Then, smoke Spud. Spud's menthol-coolness leaves a moist-cool, fresh taste in your mouth no matter how heavily you smoke. It makes your palate keener, more alive to Spud's full-flavored tobacco. Spud is the one cigarette that lets you win mouth-happiness.



# SPUD

**MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c**

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



*"Now get me the lavender talc, Charley."*

## THE LEAKY FAUCET

... Why Plumbers Make Money

By  
John C.  
Emery

THE stillness of night. The soft bed. The warm covers. The deep contentment. The vague awareness that all is not as it should be. The faint but disturbing noise. The climb out of bed to investigate. The stumbling progress to the bathroom. The solution of the mystery. The discovery that the hot water tap is still leaking. The restless ping. The attempt to close the faucet more tightly. The lack of success. The continued drip-drip-drip. The mental note to fix the thing in the morning. The return to bed. The inability to go to sleep, while straining your ears to determine whether or not the tap is still leaking. The restless night.

The suggestion of your wife, next morning, that you have a plumber come in and fix the leak. The scoffing rejection of this suggestion. The confident assertion that you can put things right in a twinkling.

The departure to the basement for tools. The extended, but eventually successful, search for a wrench, a screwdriver and a new washer. The decision to take along also a hammer,

a chisel, a pair of pliers and a few other tools, just in case you need them. The return to the bathroom.

The moments of pondering on the question of how to begin. The approach of your wife. The assumption of an air of feverish but expert activity. The question of your wife as to whether

or not you have shut off the water supply. The suggestion that this might be a good thing to do before you try to take off the faucet.

The attack on the leaky tap. The struggle to turn things that apparently ought to be turned. The loosening of one bolt. The discovery, after its removal, that it is not the one you want. The harder fight to loosen another bolt. The ultimate victory. The complete dismantling of the faucet. The skillful insertion of a new washer. The feeling of imminent success. The happy whistling, which attracts the now welcome attention of your wife. The superior air which you assume as you describe what you have done. The promise that you will have everything in order in two shakes.

THE attempt to reinstall the faucet. The inability to get a small fitting to screw into a larger one. The mighty efforts. The lack of success. The discovery, after a time, that you pulled the larger fitting out of shape when you were working on it with the wrench. The rueful realization that you are going to have to get a new fitting before you can go any farther with your repairs. The rueful realization also that your wife is smiling at your discomfiture.

The announcement that you must hurry away to the office. The request that your wife purchase the part that is needed. The off-hand suggestion that maybe she had better call a plumber in to install it.



# Impertinent but Important



***-HOW'S  
YOUR BREATH  
TODAY***

Come now, admit it; YOU DON'T KNOW.

You don't know because halitosis (unpleasant breath) rarely announces its presence to the victim.

You undoubtedly like to believe that your breath is sweet and agreeable, but statistics prove that the chances are against it. Almost everyone is afflicted with halitosis at one time or another, for the reason that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny bits of food skipped by the tooth brush.

The fastidious and intelligent thing to do is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—then you *know*

your breath cannot offend. Listerine cleanses and sweetens the mouth, halts fermentation, the cause of breath odors, and immediately overcomes the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. Listerine's taste is so pleasant, too; conspicuously absent is that bitter, metallic after flavor that characterizes mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Slip it in the bag when you travel, and in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is your assurance that you will be welcome to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

*Twice a day use*

**LISTERINE**

**THE QUICK DEODORANT WITH THE PLEASANT TASTE**



## Choose the **SEA ROUTE** to **CALIFORNIA**

*Panama Pacific's "Big Three" have size  
for comfort and speed for convenience*



The sea is wide... Ah, but what of the deck? It makes such a vast difference in one's pleasure, to have a really wide sweep of sun-deck... to stroll into hospitably spacious public salons... to enjoy a siesta in roomy, comfortable cabins... That, seasoned travellers stoutly maintain, is the luxury of "Elbow Room"... the charm of the "Big Three" to California.

And that, confidentially, is what makes those thirteen days so richly enjoyable when you go to California by sea on a Panama Pacific Liner. A dip in the large open-air pool... a delightful dance on deck... a vagrant hour basking undisturbed in the sun... While the mighty ship takes you with smooth, unnoticed speed to your destination—"The season" on the West Coast.

It's so sensible, too, making California your winter rendezvous... Almost by a flip of the finger you shut off those mounting expenses of a bleak Eastern winter in town or country homes.

Perhaps we'd better drop a hint—rates are the lowest ever, with an additional reduction of 25% on round trips by sea. So see your local agent now... the travel authority in your community.

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## **ANTI-SANTA CLAUS**

*... Signs of a Cynical Age*

**D**R. WILLIAM S. SADLER, Chicago surgeon, declared that children should be told the bitter truth that there is no Santa Claus.

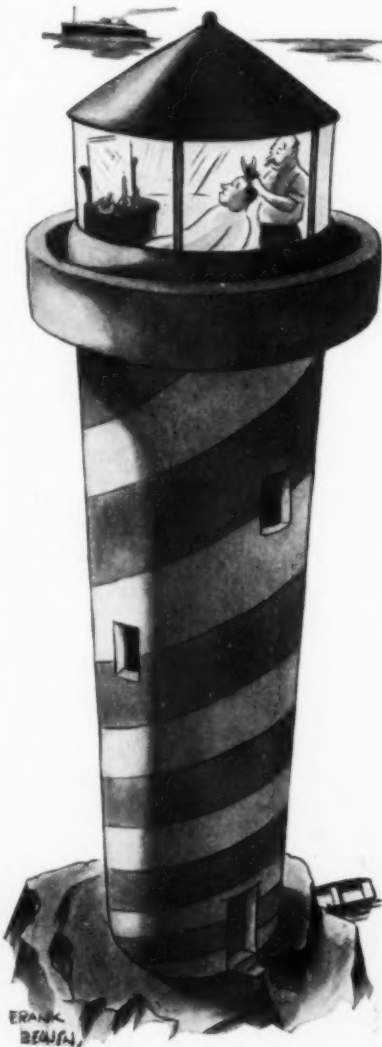
The Soviet authorities announced that anybody caught telling a child that there is a Santa Claus will be imprisoned.

The Ministry of Education of Mexico ordered the teachers to inform the school children that there is no Santa Claus.

Dr. Sydney A. Cooke, psychologist at the New Jersey College for Women, advised parents to "explode the Santa Claus myth."

Mrs. Carleton Washburne of Winnetka, Illinois, started a movement to reduce the number of Santa Clauses appearing on the streets during the holiday season.

—W. E. Farbstein.



*"Just as I told the wife; I might as well learn a trade while I'm out here."*

## MONOGRAM NOVELTIES DELUXE GIFTS

After many years of experience with moderate priced gifts, we have found our hand-made Monogram Novelties, either in sterling silver or 14 Kt. gold, the most practicable, personal, and satisfactory articles we have ever sold. Last Christmas season we received orders from thirty-seven states for these novelties.

**Key Chain**—Circle monogram. A very popular gift deluxe. Hand crafted and strongly built for durability. All our Key Chains carry a registered number for identification. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$11.00.

**Key Chain**—Oval monogram. Only another design, otherwise the same as the circle Key Chain. These articles meet with instant approval both as personal and business gifts. Sterling silver, \$4.50. 14 Kt. green gold, \$10.00.

**The Key Top** applied to your key immediately identifies that key you use most often. In ordering, send key or proper blank and we will apply top. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$10.00.

**Money Clip**—A beautiful personal accessory. By a special method we are able to produce a Money Clip which will retain its spring tension indefinitely. This is a very important feature. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$15.00.

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**Place Card Holders**—Very new and attractive. A distinctive final touch to a well appointed table. Sterling silver, \$8.00 the half dozen—\$15.00 per dozen.

**Monogram Ring**—A distinctive personal ring for the boy or man. Raised lettering, sturdily built and rich in appearance. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$15.00.

**Bag Identification Tags**—Another charming accessory. The tag is sterling silver, black suede strap and silver plated buckle. Raised monogram, \$4.00. Pierced monogram, \$3.75.

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All illustrations two-thirds actual size. When ordering circle monogram, please mention position of last letter, either in center or on end. Send money order or check with your order. We prepay postage. All orders promptly filled. Orders received three days before Christmas will be delivered.

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# THE COLLEGE PARADE



## Interview with the Student Unemployment Office

"Name?"  
"James J. Jameson."  
"Class?"  
"Dropped Freshman."  
"Any previous experience in any line?"  
"None."  
"What scholastic group were you in last year?"  
"Group? Guess I didn't make a group."  
"Any particular interest in Mathematics, Physics, or Chemistry?"  
"No."  
"History, Government or Economics?"  
"No."  
"The Classics?"  
"The which?"  
"Never mind. Can you swim?"  
"No."  
"Play golf or tennis?"  
"No."  
"Do you play any musical instrument?"  
"No."  
"Have you a good voice?"  
"Yeah, but not for singing."  
"Can you do anything?"  
"Well, I sailed last summer a couple of times, but . . ."  
"Just the man I want. Go in and see Mrs. Von der Glutz at 940 Marlboro St. right away. She wants a tutor for her children next summer."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"What do you take as a remedy for your insomnia?"  
"A glass of wine at regular intervals."  
"Does that make you sleep?"  
"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."—*Satyr.*

"Dear teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child; and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."  
—*Annapolis Log.*

He (*putting his hands over her eyes*): Guess who it is in three guesses or I'll kiss you.

She: Al Jolson; Jack Dempsey; Buster Keaton.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

He—Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?

She—O, John! How could you! This is lemon pie! —*Carnegie Puppet.*

"Hello, hello!" cried an excited feminine voice over the telephone. "Come up at once! Two boys are trying to climb in our window."

"Sorry, Miss, but this is the fire department. What you want is the police station."

"Oh, no," reassured the voice. "Our room's on the second floor and they need a ladder."  
—*California Pelican.*

Prof—I refuse to continue with my lecture until the room settles down.

Sympathetic Voice—Better go home and try a tomato juice cocktail, old boy.

—*Penn State Froth.*

Last night I held a little hand  
So dainty and so neat  
I thought my heart would  
surely burst  
So wildly did it beat.  
No other hand e'er held so  
tight

Could greater gladness bring  
Than one I held last night.

It was  
Four Aces and a King.

—*West Point Pointer.*

"My aunt was killed because she got out the wrong side of the bed."

"How in the world was she killed? That isn't usually fatal."

"Well, you see she was in a lower berth."

—*Southern California Wampus.*

"To hell with the expense; give the canary another seed!"—*Ohio Sun Dial.*



"No—this is not Lonie's joint—this is the Libe-rian Embassy." —*California Pelican.*

Guy at telephone: Hello—Pi Phi house?

Gal at telephone: Yeah—Pi Phi house.

Guy at phone: Wrong number.

—*Whirlwind.*



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**LIFE SAVERS CANDIES**

on the backs of all seats of the buses—Downstairs

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At some time or other everybody worth while in New York uses the Fifth Avenue buses as a means of transportation. As a means of advertising some logical advertisers have overlooked the best bet in New York City. Let us tell you about it.

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# THE THEATRE

By DON HEROLD

## Brother, Can You Spare \$3.30?

IT might help things on Broadway if producers would sell tickets for individual acts instead of for entire shows.

Then a play with a good third act might survive on patronage of that act alone, and send the other two acts to the storehouse . . . instead of junking the whole production.

A lot of people who can't afford a complete evening of the theatre in these times might be glad to go to a third of a show at a third of the regular ticket price. (Most shows last too long, anyway.)

And critics, under this Herold no-point plan, could evaluate plays by acts, on a scale of from .00 to \$3.00. (Tax extra.)

I, for example, would have rated the first act of L. Ulric's *Nona* at about 10 cents, the second act at 90 cents, and the third act at about \$1.25.

Three producers, each finding himself with one good act, could move into one theatre and cut their rent in thirds.

AS a rule, I'd knock third acts. I usually begin to dislike a play when the author starts to wrap things up into a neat bundle. I'd be better satisfied to have the plot fade off into thin air.

But custom holds that the couple in question must eventually clinch, or shoot each other, or slam a door, or otherwise signify that it is time to lock up the opera house for the night.

I see no more reason why plays should be finished than that a Rodin statue should be finished.

It ain't natural-like for situations to settle themselves so primly at precisely 11:15.

The coughs are getting deeper.

Do you love babies?

Well, the girl in *Mademoiselle*—we learn near the end of the first act—is going to have one. And the girl's brand new spinster governess, played by Grace George, has to figure what is to be done

about it. From then on, there is a great deal of counting on fingers by the audience, between acts.

The delightfulness of the evening is in the hands of Alice Brady and A. E. Matthews, as the whirlwind parents of our gal Nell. They are plenty devoted and plenty fine grained, but they are simply paced too fast to know what is going on in their own home and on adjacent beaches—but, for that matter, who of us parents aren't either too fast or too slow for that!

I feel as gushy as a schoolgirl about this play. It's grand . . . the best thing we've had up to this point in my diary, I believe . . . in spite of a few big bites of improbability which we are asked to gulp down (and which we gladly gulp; we'd do anything for a cast like that!).



Grace George does an upstanding double job of handling the baby situation and of making the audience accept some goofy major premises which a lesser actress would drop at about the third row. Alice Brady turns comedienne of the first water . . . laughing water . . . and A. E. Matthews is perfect. Peggy Conklin is great as the delicate daughter.

I liked even the butler, and they are usually poison to me.

TO any man, a tussle by two women over any man, seems like a waste of tussle.

There are two tussle shows of this sort in town now, *When Ladies Meet* and *I Loved You Wednesday*. The former contest is on an intellectual

plane; the latter is more of a scratch-as-scratch-can affair. In each, the women come face to face over their boy friends. In each, the guy is already married to one of the dames.

*When Ladies Meet* by Rachel Crothers is dandy highbrow chatter, excellently played by Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel, Spring Byington, Selena Royle, and others. I nominate it as the second best fun of the month, in spite of the fact that it gets awfully tragic the last ten minutes. (I guess I ought to come out flatfootedly as a two-act critic.) And in spite of the fact that the man about whom all the fuss is made is pretty much of a stuffed shirt. (It was a mistake to bring him on at all.)

THIS *I Loved You Wednesday* is another good gal fight—even if it is a little more in the pulp-paper class. The lines are a little too obviously written two at a time, a remark and a come-back. But it has

Rose Hobart (every producer "owes it to his audience" to put her in every play) and, well, it has a lot of things.

I CAN find flaws with most flesh and blood drama, but I can send you with no ifs-and-or-buts to see the Yale Puppeteers who are opening a repertoire season at the new, little Yale Puppeteer Theatre.

I saw each of their five shows a couple of times in Los Angeles last Winter, and am going back to each of them a few times in New York this Winter.

And I used to think I was a hopeless puppet hater. In fact, I used to think that a puppet was something that came out of the rear end of a motorcycle. Either I am getting quite childish or these lads, Forman Brown, Harry Burnett and Richard Brandon, are doing something awfully adult . . . and I don't think I'm getting childish.

I'M going to buy a wax hand for Mrs. Herold to hold, if I take her to any more shows as thrilly as *Criminal at Large*. President Hoover and I!

*Criminal at Large* has a lot of luscious murders in it, and I suspect (wise guy that I am) a few plants in the audience to pull roller-coaster screams at the right places, but it is one of the

most polished crime plays I have seen, and well worth the nervous breakdown it is apt to give you.

**L**OCAL (and that means yokel) sophisticates are in a rave about Rex Weber's ventriloquism in *Americana*, but I somehow don't respond to ventriloquists, contortionists, midgets, three-legged ladies or people who can wiggle their ears. I mean to their art; of course they are all probably dandy fellows personally.

There are, however, a few things in *Americana* to which I do respond with a hearty whoop . . . to that *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* tune, for instance, which may well go down in history as the college song of the Depression . . . our dear old whatsa matter.

And that bunch of dancing girls who imitated the ocean were so convincing that I almost sent home for my bathing suit . . . and I am not usually one who goes for dancing-with-significance. (The more insignificant the better I like it, as a rule.)

But J. P. McEvoy's sketches might fit better in a revue called *Hates and Loathes of 1932*, so somewhat grim are some of them.

The curtain has the word *Americana* on it about four feet high in airedale fur, so you'll know you're in the right show.

When I put on my revue I am going to print on the curtain: "If you don't like this show, why don't you go back outdoors where you came from?"

**T**HE most interesting persons in *Men Must Fight* are the women, especially Madame Seward, played by Alma Kruger. Miss Kruger makes Madame Seward the sweet, sophisticated, saucy old girl that the authors intended her to be, more modern than the 1940 moderns who surround her . . . and she should have a batch of Pulitzer pretties for her job if there are Pulitzer pretties for outstanding acting jobs of the year.

The themes of the play . . . that men must fight and that war is hell . . . well, I seem to have heard them before. But it is a



I've always wanted to wear a pair of shoes two feet long . . . like Don Barclay's.

## A light forever burning... A voice that is never stilled



NIGHT comes on and spreads a blanket of darkness upon sleeping cities and towns. Here and there a lone policeman. In the distance a clock tolling the hour.

In the dark silence of the night, there is one light forever burning . . . one voice that is never stilled. That light is the light in the telephone exchange. That voice is the voice of your telephone.

A city without telephones would be a city afraid—a city of dread.

For the telephone brings security. Its very presence gives a feeling of safety and nearness to everything. In times of stress and sudden need it has a value beyond price. In the business and social activities of

a busy day it is almost indispensable.

The wonder of the telephone is not the instrument itself but the system of which it is the symbol . . . the system which links your own telephone with any one of eighteen million others in the United States and thirteen millions in other countries.

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There are few, if any, aids to modern living that yield so much in safety, convenience and achievement as your telephone.



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good show and should be played ten times in each house of Congress.

**Y**OU get everything but an elephant act in *Dinner at Eight*. You get a little George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Shakespeare, Al Woods, Lincoln J. Carter, Eugene O'Neill, B. F. Keith and Frederick and Fanny Hatton.

The first two are the authors, but they have set out to produce a sort of Whitman's Sampler of slices of life.

There is a suicide and there is a man who keeps putting his hand over his heart. There is even a trick tea table which folds up its legs when it is lifted, and produces a laugh. There is not enough George S. Kaufman.

A clinical peek is taken into the home life, love life, business life and soul life of each of several couples invited to a forthcoming dinner party.

My feeling about the whole thing is that it is awfully well done but that so is the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.



# THE MOVIES

BY HARRY EVANS

*Who has writer's cramp from pointing the finger of derision at Hollywood*

EVENTS of the past few weeks have convinced me of one thing, definitely. Hollywood is not suffering from a congestion of Yes-Men. Its chief ailments are due to an absence of *No-Men*. Inasmuch as this is my own idea I think I have the right to explain what a No-Man is in any way I see fit, and to describe his potential duties with the same free hand.

A No-Man would be a person with ordinary intelligence who knew how to keep his mouth shut until the right time, and then he would say "No!" He would be hired by a company, let's say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (because I'm getting paid by the word), and he would sit by the director. During each picture he would be allowed to say "No" four times. That's all. But when he said "No", the particular thing he said "No" at would be out.

Inasmuch as Metro has already been mentioned, I will start with them and show how valuable a No-Man would have been during the making of "Smilin' Through." There's a picture that has glamor, tenderness, romance and delightful humorous relief—a combination of assets that no director can create more convincingly than the light-handed Sidney Franklin. Well, you say, lifting your brows, where does your No-Man horn in? He doesn't, until we come to a scene in the last part of the picture.

Here we find Norma Shearer trying to get Fredric March to marry her on the eve of his departure for the French battlefields. Fred knows that her uncle (who hates him) will refuse her a home if he marries her, and, besides, there is the other reason—he may never return. They argue the principles involved, always with their love looming in the background. And I mean "looming." Director Franklin builds it into a force that you actually feel. Then suddenly, in the midst of all the sense they are making, Norma suddenly turns away and says petulantly,

"Oh well then,—of course—if you don't want me. . ."

**No! No!**

(I'm sorry if that made you jump. It was just my No-Man, Oscar, using up two "Nos" on that one line.)

WHAT I mean is that here is Fred weeping with an undying love, burning to a crisp with emotion, and all atwitter with red ants . . . and Norma says, "if you don't want me." It makes no difference if those words were in the script or whether Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer agreed that a woman might say such a thing, the line gets a laugh that almost



"Sorry, I'll have to let you go soon's the holiday liquor season is over."

spoils the scene . . . and Oscar would never stand for it.

Then that last scene. A man dies, and you see his spirit leave his body and go to join the spirit of his long-dead sweetheart. All any movie needs for this well-known situation is a good cameraman, two thin spirits and a string quartette. But not so in "Smilin' Through." The two shades first indulge in a bit of spirited conversation. The man ghost doesn't catch on about being dead, so the girl ghost tells him what's what. They then go down to the gate where they are met by a whole mob of their transparent friends who gaily see them into their carriage, and wave them off to what is apparently to

be their spirit honeymoon. (Probably done to encourage those of us who have been taught to believe that all spirits do is float around and play harps.)

**No! No!**

(Yes. You guessed it. That was little Oscar getting rid of his other two "Nos.")

This may sound like going out of the way to look for squawks, considering the general excellence of "Smilin' Through." The performances of Miss Shearer, Mr. March, Leslie Howard and O. P. Heggie should be seen by everybody. They are superb. So is the direction. And that's just the point. When a film is characterized by such masterful treatment, it can only be carelessness that allows obvious faults to remain unremedied.

A good No-Man would take care of this.

THEN there's "Rain." When the manuscript was handed to the director to read, his No-Man would have snatched it out of his hand with a polite, but firm "No!" and handed it back to the author.

This is not a good picture and I've heard all of the reasons why. "Joan Crawford and Director Lewis Milestone couldn't get along" . . . "the producers were afraid of the censors" . . . "some of the best scenes were ruined in the cutting room" . . . "bad judgment was used in casting."

I don't doubt that some of this is true. Both Joan and Lewis were smart enough to know they were doing something that would not help their reputations, and they were naturally unhappy about it.

My opinion is that they should never have tried to film "Rain." At which statement thousands of movie fans rise up and remind me that Gloria Swanson made a movie of it, and a pretty good one. Sure she did. A *silent* one. And Will Hays considered the story so immoral that he wouldn't allow it to





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Put one on—the pain is gone!

be made at all until the title was changed to "Sadie Thompson." There was only one way to make a talkie of this story, and that was the way it was done by Jeanne Eagles on the stage . . . with all the words and gestures . . . and if they had so much as attempted it, Will would have screamed like an eagle.

ANOTHER picture that needed a good No-Man was "Cabin In The Cotton." In this case the poor fellow would have had to stretch out each "No" like Ed Wynn does his "So-o-o-o-o" over the radio. The story is about the struggle between Southern cotton planters and the poor whites who are their tenant farmers. Every few minutes somebody gets up and begins making a speech about "the rights" of one side or the other, and here is where the No-Man would have started one of his accordion negatives.

But the No-Man would have done his best work in a love scene between Richard Barthelmess and Bette Davis. Bette is the jazzy, sexy daughter of the rich planter. Dick is the poor "peckerwood" (white trash to you) who adores her. Bette is luring Dick with her soft white arms and vibrant body, and right in the middle of the luring he says, "What a mess." Just that one line, but if everybody on the set had thought for hours they couldn't have cooked up a sentence that would have seemed more out of place.

BY now I am sure you are convinced that the No-Man is a step in the right direction. The next thing is to take immediate action. I therefore suggest that you and I and all of our right-thinking friends write letters to the motion picture producers and tell them . . .

**No!**

(Thanks, Oscar! See how it works? He knows we would be wasting our time.)



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But if you want to try a sample first—send in the coupon and a 2¢ stamp. We'll give you your first ten 100% comfortable shaves.

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.  
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## BOOK MARKS

By KYLE CRICHTON

## Survey of 1932

**PROBABLE PULITZER PRIZE WINNER:** *The Sheltered Life* by Ellen Glasgow.

**BEST SOCKDOLAGER:** *Nation at War* by Peyton C. March. In which Gen. March gives Gen. Pershing what Dempsey gave Willard at Toledo.

**FINEST WRITING:** *Death in the Afternoon* by Ernest Hemingway.

**GREATEST BOOK:** *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Finest in the language.

**LOUSIEST BOOK:** *Three Sheet* by Tiffany Thayer.

**PUNKEST NEW MAGAZINE:** *The American Spectator*. A few tired old men, led by George Jean Nathan, attempt to recapture their youth.

**BEST BIOGRAPHY:** *God's Gold, Life of John D.*, by John T. Flynn.

**GREATEST TRAGEDY:** *The Chicago Cubs*.

**BEST POETRY:** *Conquistador* by Archibald MacLeish.

**BEST HISTORY:** *The Russian Revolution* by Leon Trotsky.

**FUNNIEST BOOK:** None.

**BEST AMERICAN:** *Mark Twain's America* by Bernard De Voto.

**BEST BOOK REVIEW:** Benjamin Stolberg's review of Ida Tarbell's *Life of Owen D. Young* in the *Herald-Tribune*.

**FINEST INDIVIDUAL PIECE OF WRITING:** Robert Briffault's chapter "Stupidity" in *Our Neurotic Age*, a symposium.

**BIGGEST FLOP:** *A New York Tempest* by Manuel Komroff.

**BEST LITERARY GAG:** "Arnold Bennett is the only man I ever heard of who set out to be a second rate writer and succeeded."—William Faulkner.

...

I NEVER know about William Faulkner—even when I get through I don't know; that's the

kind of book reviewer I am. And yet I am prepared to out-yell anybody on Madison Avenue who attempts to argue that he is not a great man. I got half way through *Light In August* (Smith & Haas) pulling petals off the daisy and saying "he is; no, he isn't" and then suddenly on P. 242 it was as if I had suddenly walked under a coal truck beginning to unload. The thing hit me like that and I threw down the book and shouted, "By God, that's genius!" But when I finished I didn't know again. It's those cock-eyed characters of his. If he only had one normal person to contrast them with, it wouldn't be so bad. But he has created



"Go on, beat it! I always arrest Miss Phillips; don't I, Miss Phillips?"

a new Graustark in which instead of a beautiful princess he has a hash-slinger doubling as a lady of pleasure and instead of a handsome prince a mulatto named Lee Christmas who slits the gutlet of his white spinster paramour and takes up the position of the fox with all Jefferson in pursuit. Along with

other great critics, I like to sit down and make believe that I am Posterity. Instead of simply saying that it is a grand book, which it is, I want to place it in literature. Therefore, will it be read a hundred years hence? I doubt it. But you are merely being soft-witted if you are allowing all this palaver of mine to keep you from reading it now.



IT isn't fair to bring in the Waugh boys of England right after Faulkner. They are writers and they are prolific, but all rolled in one they wouldn't make one half of one per cent of a William Faulkner of Oxford, Miss. I know about Alec and Evelyn and someone has told me of another named Arthur but it will be hard to make me believe there is only Arthur. There must be dozens of them. Every time one of them gets on a P & O steamer, he writes a book about the place he has just left. Before me I have *Thirteen Such Years* by Alec Waugh and *Black Mischief* by Evelyn Waugh and I've had a Waugh before me every month for a year. Whenever the flow slackens, Mr. John Farrar goes down to the postoffice and says, "Now, Mr. Kiely, I don't want to complain but the *Aquitanian* is in and there is no Waugh. . . . Would you mind looking around the office?" It's much as if eight pinch hitters were allowed for Babe Ruth. When Mary Roberts Rinehart doesn't come through with a book, Farrar & Rinehart throw the Waughs into the

breach. And that's all right by me; they are very sprightly young men and I tremble to think what it might be if the Powys brothers were substituted . . . or the Nineteen Tumbling Van Dorens of our own land. The real pressure must be in the book stores where for years it will be





**"SQUIBB'S makes my face feel better..."**

This expression is frequently heard when a man first uses Squibb Shaving Cream—and with good reason! Squibb Shaving Cream carries more water than the ordinary cream. That accounts for easier shaving. It also contains a special ingredient which supplies oils essential to the comfort of the skin. That makes the face feel better, smoother and more refreshed.

Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York.

**SQUIBB**  
SHAVING CREAM



**Life**

invites you  
to attend its

**FIFTIETH  
ANNIVERSARY**

party next month

Don't miss this  
**Golden Jubilee Number**  
out December 21st!

either Waughs or rumors of Waughs.

THERE was a time when Carleton Beals wrote in a high hectic flush style which resembled either the first stages of pneumonia or the results in the New York *American* Sunday room just after Mr. Hearst has had the editor on the phone from San Gabriel. But last year the Guggenheim people came across with a fellowship, Mr. Beals went off to Mexico City, pushed various *pisanos* off filing cases which contained records of the country for centuries back and came forth with a life of Porfirio Diaz, late dictator of Mexico (Lippincott), which is a life. Those Mexicans, am I a sucker for them. . . . I'll read anything. And this is something to read. Old Porfirio ruled with an iron hand for decades and when they finally blew him out of there, the explosion produced Pancho Villa and Fierro and Zapata, who took all the little pieces left and blew them into smaller pieces. It's my favorite country. They just don't talk about living; they live.

IN the slicker speakeasies, they're burying George Bernard Shaw these days. If he came into Toni's tomorrow, I doubt if he could get even a beer on credit. The old boy is in his dotage, he is through. Well, perhaps; but he was a great guy when he had it. Archibald Henderson has just brought his life up to date (Appleton) and if Shaw has not told Professor Henderson all his inmost secrets, he has told him enough to make a hellishly long book. It takes Shaw through all the stages as starving journalist, soap-box Socialist, dramatic and music critic and finally successful playwright and publicist.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



the  
**60-second  
Workout  
for your  
HAIR**

An otherwise fine appearance can be ruined by neglected hair.

Good-looking hair grows only in a healthy scalp. Take 60 seconds, twice a week, to massage that dry, parched scalp of yours with Vitalis!

The Vitalis workout speeds circulation, provides needed oils. Your hair takes on new life and natural lustre! Get your first Vitalis workout at your barber's today! Buy a bottle at your druggist's and follow up!

**Vitalis**

Bristol-Myers Co., N. Y.



ask your  
**BARBER**

Your barber knows his business and he sees the condition of your scalp. When he says you need Vitalis, take his advice!

*Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome*

# THE WOMAN'S SLANT

By Alice Hughes

## Sainted Ships

THE feminine touch on the high seas is a creed with the Grace Line, which has just baptized four new sister ships to Havana, to Panama, to California and to South America. These are all sainted ships, the Santa Rosa, Santa Paula, Santa Lucia and Santa Elena, and very last-minute as to architecture, engineering and decoration. Several years ago this line tried substituting waitresses for stewards in their dining rooms, with the result that the girls have stuck and are now in commissary command of these four new \$5,000,000 boats which take 16-day cruises from New York to Los Angeles, touching Havana, Panama, Mexico and points along the West Coast as far as Seattle.

Nor does this steamship line's feminine preference end with the stewardesses. Elsie Cobb Wilson, a smart Madison Avenue decorator, has spruced up these California boats to the queen's taste. Instead of burying the dining room several decks down, she placed it on the promenade level, with long French windows opening on the deck, and a roof that can be rolled back to let the sky and the stars in. Any who grow bored with looking at their companions can instead gaze nightly at the Southern Cross which illumines the soft heavens.

THE kitchen Elsie Cobb Wilson has placed on the boat deck so that food smells never assault the nostrils, but are wafted heavenward. There are swimming pools and individual roof cabañas for nude sun bathers. Every wile is used on these cruises to make folks forget the steel traps and skyscrapers which they have left, and to keep life as joyous and as smoothly flowing as the music of the marimba bands. We who are office-bound envy those who are Panama-bound on these sainted ships.

## Adagio in the Bath

THIS nation has been sliding past the small of its back long enough. Too long, in fact! A firm called Pee-Chee Products Co. has decided to clean up the situation by inventing soft rubber brushes attached to long wooden handles dedicated to scrubbing out-of-the-way places on the body. Of course those who are double-jointed, contortionists, adagio dancers, or who have personal



*"There go the host and hostess; they think they're at someone else's party."*

maids or valets, will have little use for Pee-Chee. But for the rest of us, bothered all through life by our inability to reach that spot between and just below the shoulder blades, a trip to Wanamaker's, Macy's or Altman's, where Pee-Chee is sold, is in order.

## Names

Barkis, Willing is the name of a New York rug firm which never heard

of Dickens except as a minor exclamation. . . . Teeter-Babe is an infants' jiggly high chair which soothes as it is sat in, with a gentle, teetering sway. . . . Snappies are nothing to eat. They're girls' garters. . . . Pastry Pygmies are tiny little macaroons to serve with ice cream . . . and Chub-Bee frocks are for sensitive little fat girls under fourteen who cannot quite squirm into ordinary-sized dresses.

## Pine or Lavender

MEN who yearn in vain to live the lives of those daring adventurers—those who always get their man—the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police—may at least smell like them. This is achieved by sprinkling in the bath or after, Vienna Woods pine bath salts or Vienna Woods pine spirits. This woodsy scent is lasting and popular with smart men about town, says Saks-Fifth Avenue. This shop reports on one more masculine favorite: Mitcham's lavender, whose clean whiff men like to sniff from their linen or handkerchiefs. Can't a man have a little olfactory pleasure?

## Cold Hands

A pair of hand-warmers, each the size of an envelope and fitting neatly into a coat pocket, is Stern Bros.' antidote for cold hands. The warmers are flat, tweed-covered bags containing a salt-like composition. A spoonful of water dropped within sets up a chemical action which keeps the bags hot for 16 hours at a time. Each warmer lasts about 100 hours. A foot-warmer which zips over both feet, works on the same principle as the hand-warmer, and is a pleasure on a long, cold motor trip.

## Greetings From Their Highnesses

Those wishing to be quite hoity-toity in their Christmas greeting cards this year will find at Saks-Fifth Avenue the very selfsame cards used by Their Highnesses, Queen Mary and King George and each of their children, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York and Princess Mary. Each card has an au-



## HE'S BACK!

SINBAD, the loveable mutt who has been romping his way through *Life* for the past 5 years, makes his second appearance in print. At the clamorous demand of thousands of Sinbad fans, scattered all over the country, SINBAD was published last year. Now come further adventures in SINBAD AGAIN! Once again the irrepressible pup dashes into our lives, tracking mud over our floors, worrying our slippers, pleading to go out, begging to come in, greedy, clumsy, destructive, loveable; death on cats unless they show fight; savage defender of the home, nuisance and indispensable friend; loved by thousands, prototype of all the loved mongrels in the world.

Here is your chance to recapture permanently all the fun you've had this year with Sinbad in the pages of *Life*.

The ideal gift for everyone from six to sixty. Sinbad is scratching at your door. Have a heart! Let him in. It only costs you \$2.00. (Sinbad himself mindful of the depressed state of the national pocketbook has reduced his price this year.)

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York  
Dear Sinbad: Send me.....copies of  
your book. Here's my check for \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

L12

thentic coronet, plus an enclosed promise that part of the proceeds from the sale of the royal family's Christmas cards will be given to British charities.

### Cutting Up

FRENCH modistes have cut slashes into women's skirts with such abandon that there is bewilderment for those who fail to realize that even a slash must have an end somewhere. Often as not there are two such slits; then they are only knee-high. But when only one appears, it is likely to be daring. Mainbocher and others of the Paris needle trade have decided that the folds of a long evening frock are graceful and all that, but a trifle monotonous. Hence the frank introduction of a glimpse of limb, teasingly revealed only when walking.

### Out of the Kitchen

RUSSEL WRIGHT, designer, has taken aluminum out of the kitchen and has brought it into the drawing and dining room. His aluminum beer sets, consisting of a pudgy fat pitcher, wood-handled, with six mugs, all grouped on a wood tray with a rolled aluminum edge, are something to hasten the repeal amendment. Ballyhoo bucket and salad set are his latest efforts. The latter is a wide, cozy wooden bowl for mixing a salad. With it come cylindrical aluminum cruets and salt and pepper shakers, plus a wood-handled salad fork and spoon with aluminum prongs and bowl. Ballyhoo bucket is shaped like an inverted high hat, with twelve aluminum beakers fitted in grooves around the rim. In the deep crown of the bucket rest bottles, sandwiches or whatever one offers to go with the contents of the beakers.



"Where would you suggest I send a foolish girl to make her forget an idiot?"

## Eases the Journey back to Health

**VICHY**  
**CÉLESTINS**

Extensively prescribed  
by the  
Medical Profession  
for  
stomach and liver  
affections and  
disorders of  
nutrition  
in general



The famous  
natural alkaline  
mineral water  
of France

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

### CARTOON BOOKS

Tillie the Toiler, Jiggs and Maggie, Mutt and Jeff, Winnie Winkle, Moon Mullins. Each book contains over 150 Cartoons; price 50 cts. each, five for \$2.00; all postpaid. Illustrated catalog, 10c.  
Union Sales Co., 740 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.



## LIVE IN THE NEW SMART CENTER OF NEW YORK

800 sunny, outside rooms. Every room with bath, shower and radio. Adjacent to Grand Central and B & O Bus Terminal... only a few minutes from Pennsylvania Station. In the midst of the theatrical district and the fashionable shops.

Nothing finer in hotel accommodations  
at these rates

SINGLE ROOMS from \$3 to \$5 per day  
weekly from \$18.00

DOUBLE ROOMS from \$4 to \$6 per day  
weekly from \$24.00

Oscar W. Richards, Resident Manager

**HOTEL**  
**MONTCLAIR**

Lexington Ave., 49th to 50th Sts., N. Y.





## QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams



### First Prize Winner

**D**EAR Prof: Has any car owner found it unnecessary to say to a passenger, "You'll have to slam that door"?—Mrs. Arthur H. Sapp, Huntington, Ind.

Dear Mrs. Sapp: Yes. On the day that T. McIntyre Cooley, of Cambridge, Mass., bought his first sedan, he attached powerful springs to each of the four doors, but after he and two of his friends finally managed to pry one of them open, it slammed shut with such a terrific impact that it wrecked the whole car. Cooley then bought another sedan and installed revolving doors, but they stuck out so far on each side that pedestrians and traffic cops kept whirling in on him and he enjoyed no privacy whatever. At the present time he's riding a bicycle, and liking it.

### Second Prize Winner

**D**EAR Prof: Has any one ever actually received "\$10,000 First Prize, and an Additional \$5,000 for Promptness", simply by working an advertising puzzle any half-wit ape could solve?—G. S. Seal, San Francisco, Cal.

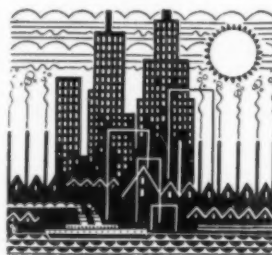
Dear G. S.: Through trickery, R. Lardner Tobin, of Niles, Mich., accomplished this, in 1930. What started it was a cold cream advertisement offering a \$15,000 award for finding seven "hidden" faces in a picture. Tobin realized that it was merely a come-on game involving the sale of cold cream to his friends and neighbors but he was determined to win the prize at all costs. He got a half-wit ape to solve the puzzle and then mailed in the answer together with his personal check for \$15,000 to cover 15,000 fake orders for cold cream. He received the award

immediately, just in time to cover his own check which was no good to begin with. No one knows why he went to all the trouble.

### Third Prize Winner

**D**EAR Prof: Do you know of any one who has complied with the warning to **CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING MATCH** printed on books of paper matches?—James Stokely, Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear James: It is said that an unknown cigar smoker of your city got into the habit of closing the cover before striking the match but the trouble was, he always forgot to tear out the match first. It annoyed him so that he finally threw away all his unlighted cigars, said "S'nuff for me," and has been using it ever since.



### Fourth and Fifth Prize Winners

**D**EAR Prof: Did any person ever visit an art gallery without saying "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like"?—Glen McNeley, Des Moines, Ia.

Dear Glen: The nearest thing to it was when a San Franciscan, Mrs. Fay by name, walked into the Metropolitan here one day and said, "I don't know anything about art but I'll stay here until it stops raining." She was summarily ejected, however, after she hung her dripping umbrella around the neck of Venus.

**D**EAR Prof: Did any college student ever actually buy all the text books he told his father he needed?—Esmarch Gilreath, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Esmarch: Yes. A freshman at Princeton once charged forty-six text books to his father at a Princeton book store, ruffled the pages a little, and then sold the books for cash at a second-hand store.

**S**O many readers have sent in duplications of the following questions that it will be impossible to award prizes for them. Question No. 1: Has any one ever described a circular staircase without making the appropriate spiral motion with the hand? The answer: No. Question No. 2: Do you know of any person who has passed a Wet Paint sign without touching the painted article to see if it really was wet? The Answer: Yes. Last month a man strolling through Rittenhouse

Square, Philadelphia, resisted for fifteen minutes the impulse to touch a freshly-painted bench, and then turned away in triumph, only to be bowled over by the onrush of half a dozen roller-skaters. He staggered, slipped, and finally sprawled all over

the bench, ruining a new overcoat, his hat, and four good cigars.

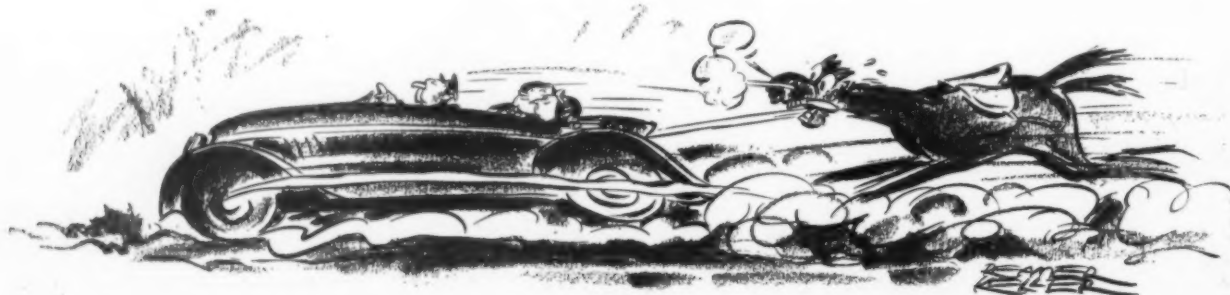
**B**E A QUEERESPONDENT! This department will pay twenty dollars in prizes each month for the best questions received from readers. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York.

The winning questions of the month will be answered in this department, and prizes will be awarded as follows:

For the best question	\$10
Second prize	\$ 5
Third prize	\$ 3
Fourth and fifth prizes, each	\$ 1

Questions received after the 20th of each month will be considered for the following month's competition.

Send in *your* questions. Send in as many as you like—at any time. Try to find a question the Professor can't answer!



"I hope we can find a bridle path before the horses are worn out!"



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER  
OUT DECEMBER 21st

**L**IFE, with the next issue, will celebrate the beginning of its fiftieth year of publication, an occasion that demands appropriate recognition. For since 1883 LIFE has mirrored, lampooned, and satirized America; crusaded against foibles, and established itself as a typically American institution.

**T**HE Golden Jubilee Number has been planned to mark an important milestone not only in LIFE'S long history but in the annals of periodical literature. It has been LIFE'S distinction, during the past fifty years, to foster and introduce to an appreciative world more famous creators of humor than any other magazine, and it is our pleasure to announce that many of these celebrated artists and writers have accepted our invitation to join LIFE'S fiftieth birthday party. Here are the names of some whose work will appear in the Jubilee Number:

J. P. McEvoy  
Percy Crosby  
Don Marquis  
John Held, Jr.  
Don Herold  
H. T. Webster  
Wallace Morgan  
Gluyas Williams  
Oliver Herford

James Montgomery Flagg  
Sam Hellman  
C. H. Sykes  
Corey Ford  
Arthur Guiterman  
Johnny Gruelle  
Russell Patterson  
Fred G. Cooper  
Jefferson Machamer

Many other well-known humorists will be included.

**S**TART the year right. Subscribe to LIFE now and enjoy it throughout 1933—LIFE'S Jubilee year.

Obey that impulse!

**LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York**  
Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for 12 months at (enclosed herewith) \$1.50 (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ L-12



HENRY A. ROST  
President



Ideally located on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and The Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . everything to make your visit an enjoyable one.

Reservations for the NATIONAL HOTEL OF CUBA may be made of the PLAZA and SAVOY-PLAZA New York The COPLEY-PLAZA, Boston

HOTELS  
OF  
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FRED STERRY  
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JOHN D. OWEN  
Manager



*The Salvation Army Slogan  
During the Past Months  
Has Been*

## HUNGER KNOWS NO HOLIDAY

Following a Winter during which greater demands than ever before were made upon the organization by the poor and needy, the war against poverty and distress was resolutely carried on from over 2,000 centers throughout the Summer. Thousands of homes were saved from disaster.

**DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER FIFTEEN MILLION APPLICATIONS FOR ASSISTANCE WERE MET**

Again Winter comes with increased cries for aid from the victims of unemployment and other ills. The Salvation Army forms the shock troops of social welfare. It meets the first impact of human need. Its capacity for succor lies in the generosity of its friends. . . . .

**HELP US TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY**

Mail Your Contribution Today To  
**COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH**  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY  
129 West 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

**L**IFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-five years. In that time it has expended over \$600,000 and has provided more than 55,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Previously acknowledged.....	\$22,185.36
Mrs. Helen L. Hill, Miami, Fla.....	1.00
Mrs. Mary E. Staples, San Jose, Cal. ....	5.00
B. C., Paterson, N. J.....	100.00
Fletcher Clark, Jr., Middleboro, Mass.....	5.00
Arthur E. Bell, U. S. S. Canopus....	25.00
Camp Lenore, Hinsdale, Mass.....	11.20
Dr. P. L. Seamon, Perth Amboy....	1.00
Mrs. E. Palmer Gavit, Santa Barbara, additional .....	25.00
Branchville Fresh Air Assn.....	1,249.67
(Established by the late Edwin Gilbert)	

Total—\$23,608.23

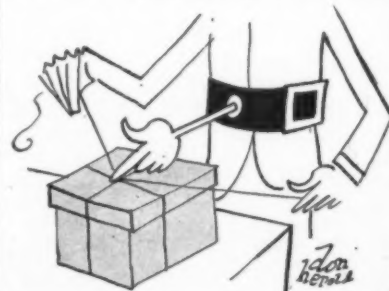
LIFE'S Fresh Air Endowments, which cost \$500, are a really satisfactory form of giving. The Endowment may be entered as a memorial, or anonymously, or in any name the donor wishes. The money is deposited in a perpetual trust fund, held for us by the Bankers Trust Company, and the interest from it ensures a vacation each summer for one poor city child at one of LIFE'S Camps.

Since our last acknowledgments, Mr. Robert Simmonds has entered

**Fresh Air Endowment #342**  
In Memory of Mary.

### NOVEMBER SOLUTION

F	U	R	N	A	C	E	S	P	E	A	K	E	R
O	N	I	O	N	L	I	T	B	I	N	G	E	
S	I	L	T	V	I	C	E	S	M	O	R	N	
S	O	L	P	O	T	E	N	C	E	T	E	D	
I	N	R	I	T	E	C	A	K	E	T	E		
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O	V	A	L	T	U	L	I	P	D	A	T	E	
L	E	N	I	N	R	I	P	D	E	M	O	N	
E	S	S	E	N	C	E	S	H	O	W	E	R	



Handy device for Christmas present wrappers.



"I'm in china, now!"



(actual size)

## Life's Dog Calendar for 1933

LET SINBAD be the watch dog of your engagements next year and your social calendar can't go wrong, for LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR is the one calendar that you'll want to look at every day in the year. The brand new, 1933 Jubilee Year edition is ready for you—six sheets, in full four-color process, of SINBAD adventures, none of which are duplicated in the SINBAD Books.

And just to celebrate the growing popularity of His Eminence, SINBAD wants a china bust of himself to go along with each calendar. There is no extra charge

—the price for both the calendar and the china replica of Edwina's famous pup is ONE DOLLAR. Here is the perfect answer for the disturbing thought, "What in the world can I give (Willie, Joan, Mrs. Entwhistle) for Christmas?"

You may have SINBAD without the calendar, if you wish. The price is 35 cents, postpaid. But you'd better get them both while we have them on hand; SINBAD has so many friends that we're anticipating a heavy demand for this special offer. Order NOW—for Christmas!

LIFE, 60 E. 42 St., New York City

Here is \$\_\_\_\_\_. Mail\_\_\_\_\_ china  
SINBADS to:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

L-12

LIFE, 60 E. 42 St., New York City

Here is \$\_\_\_\_\_. Mail\_\_\_\_\_ calendars  
and \_\_\_\_\_ china SINBADS to:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

L-12

For transient  
visits or yearly leases  
**ONE TO FIVE ROOMS**  
Furnished or Unfurnished

**The  
Beverly**

AN APARTMENT HOTEL  
WITH A DISTINGUISHED  
RESTAURANT  
125 East 50th Street  
New York  
Wallace K. Seeley  
Mgr.

**a dash of  
Bitters does the trick**

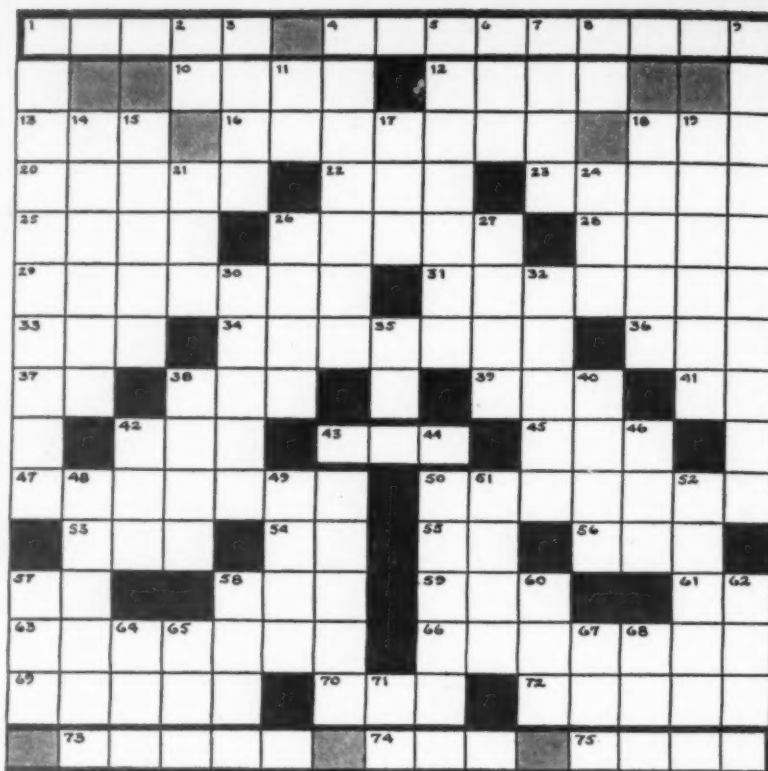
Adds that  
certain something  
to ginger ale! Try it!

Send 25c in stamps for 50c  
bottle. Address Dept. L-12,  
P.O. Box 44, Baltimore, Md.

**HALF PRICE:**

**Abbott's  
BITTERS**

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Editor, George T. Eggleston, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (2) That the owner is: Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., F. B. Mallory, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1932. (Seal) J. Duke Stock, Notary Public, New York County No. 1125; New York Register No. 3-S-733, My commission expires March 30, 1933.



#### HORIZONTAL

1. What people make at the Holidays.
4. An ornamental kind of tree.
10. A mountainous kitty.
12. Where Cork is found.
13. At present.
16. An idle fellow.
18. A denial of the French.
20. This doesn't do the hives much good.
22. Every man's Christmas present.
23. It's all in the game.
25. This no longer bows Russia.
26. Brick ovens.
28. The garb of a former senate.
29. Goodbye to the English.
31. An old style that lasts.
33. The hottest thing in Congress.
34. One who aggravates.
36. A famous slipper.
37. No delivery.
38. Eating in the past.
39. Likes to play with the bones.
41. A center of republican discontent (Abbr.).
42. An old expression for "Nuts".
43. This stands between Sunday and Monday.
45. The important thing beside a pretty girl.
47. A kind of quiver.
50. A type to call attention.
53. This usually comes before.
54. This bespeaks a man (Abbr.).
55. The first thing in voting.
56. A public water hole.
57. Bachelors' Apartments.
58. An old way to get away.
59. Prosperity isn't found in this one.
61. A Greek letter.
63. Raincoats.
66. Has abode.
69. To appropriate unexpectedly.
70. The next word after my country.
72. Something to bet on.
73. What everybody tries to be.
74. This never grows old.
75. A world revolution.

#### VERTICAL

1. Beggars description.
2. Rest Peacefully.
3. A big tide in winter.
4. An exercise of care.
5. A rule by advisors.
6. This is maddening.
7. These are dear in letters.
8. Two thirds of a big explosive.
9. Don't you believe it. (Two words.)
11. A State of doubt (Abbr.).
14. An expensive parasite.
15. A man trying to get married.
17. This is nothing.
18. You get this in the neck.
19. Drunken revels.
21. More north than north-east.
24. Small Christmas spirits (Abbr.).
26. Live stock.
27. This covers the ground best in winter.
30. Bad actors often get over this.
32. A smeller.
35. To admit a liking.
38. A general assistant.
40. Women and liquid measures in brief.
42. A soft coating.
43. A legal stoppage.
44. Various things.
46. A little bite.
48. The whole body's condition.
49. A noble Oriental.
51. What yesterday's rent did.
52. This will take anything.
57. A means of moving the public.
58. A call in need.
60. A figure of stupidity.
62. Employer.
64. The moon has a drag with this.
65. What beer is best on.
67. A hard surface to stand on.
68. The interest of a buck.
71. The entrance door.



## Let holly-time mean HOLIDAY

AT CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL Christmas is a delightful adventure. Carols. Stockings, stuffed with surprises, for the children. A plump family turkey. Entertainments. Here is all the gaiety and comfort of a Christmas at home . . . without the exhausting preparation. The hotel is a fairyland of poinsettias and fragrant Christmas trees. The decorated Boardwalk a sight to remember always. Then, there is the brilliant beauty of the winter sea, the crisp ocean air.

Grown-up families, too, have found Chalfonte-Haddon Hall a happy place. Bring your family for the week-end, or the whole holiday week. Special holiday entertainment. *Winter rates, the lowest in years.* Write for information.

*American and European Plans*

## CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY

*Leeds and Lippincott Company*



BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

*Come this winter to...*



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**FRED STERRY**  
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**THE PLAZA**  
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•  
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## The NATIONAL HOTEL of CUBA HAVANA

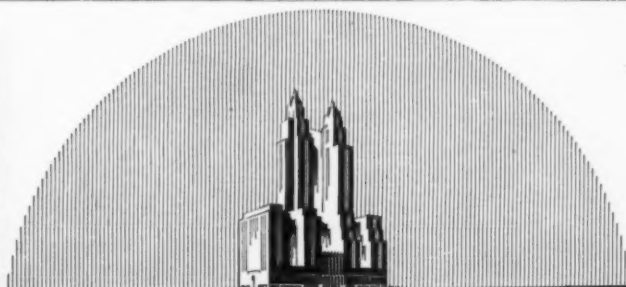


You are instantly caught in the gay whirl of Havana's social season . . . dances . . . sports . . . everything for a perfect holiday. There is Golf . . . Tennis . . . Swimming . . . Yachting . . . Racing . . . Gaming. The hotel is conveniently located, yet removed from the noise of the city.

OPEN ALL YEAR

Reservations may be made at *The Plaza* and *The Savoy-Plaza*, New York, *The Copley-Plaza*, Boston

MAY WE SEND YOU A COPY OF OUR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET?



PARK AVENUE • 49TH TO 50TH STS • NEW YORK

## THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

The patron is hardly aware of the tremendous service-establishment at The Waldorf, but he is always keenly aware of all it does for him, in personal helpfulness, in time-saving, in pleasant individual attention.

**1932 PRICES**





# "Chic" Sale

tells how to  
Change  
the  
Color  
of  
BLUE  
MONDAYS



ELMER RIDGWAY come to me one day and sez: "Lem, here she is Monday and you sittin' around whittlin' and whistlin' and smilin'. I don't understand it," he sez. "It ain't nature fer a man to be happy on Monday."

"Elmer," I sez, and I looked him in the eye, "there's a lot of fine points about Monday that the average man don't think about. Fer instance, you take Sunday, the day that holds the weeks apart. Out you go. You snap up a hot dog here and grab off an ice cream cone there; you are stuffin' down peanuts and soda water and suckin' on candy, not to mention breakfast, dinner and supper. Elmer, it's your gallopin' around on Sunday that makes Monday what she is. You git yourself a little box of these chocolate tablets"—and I showed him the box—"and next Monday you'll be whittlin' and whittlin' and smilin' same as I am."

## "Chic" Sale

It "just ain't nature" for people to be unhappy. And so many times, overeating and under-exercising,—and failing to keep "regular,"—have a lot to do with it.

Folks who don't forget to take an Ex-Lax or two now and then find that it's a practice that's "mighty, mighty important" in keeping healthy and happy.

Ex-Lax is "that little chocolate tablet" which has been used with great success by man, woman and child for over a quarter of a century. Ex-Lax is safe, gentle—yet effective. It does not gripe. It does not embarrass. Every druggist sells and recommends it. 10c, 25c and 50c.

Or send for free sample. Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. W122, P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
The Chocolated Laxative



## SUCH IS LIFE!

### GENII

EDITOR'S NOTE: While browsing around in Macy's recently, TONY BALCOM (Tin) and JOHN HARKINS (Type) ran across Mr. Todd, the dean of Santas. The result appears below.

IT is no lispin' impiety to report that thousands of children in this land firmly believe in Todd. In Eugene Sinclair Todd who, one month in every twelve, in his own right and glory, becomes Santa Claus.

Todd is the dean, the granddaddy, among department store St. Nicks. He is, if he does say so himself, the "premier Santa" at Macy's, New York, a capping glory attained several years ago when the store gave him an Assistant Santa.

In the eleven months of the year when the Santa business is in the doldrums, Todd can be found at home in a Mills Hotel (a haven for indigent men who long since have abandoned any notion that there really is a Santa Claus), or "at the office," a dark and dusty garret at 113 Fulton St. that

surely is nothing less than a page lifted bodily from Dickens.

His stock in trade is a beard, a vast and flocculent bib that, to be seen in full plumage, should be seen in mid-Autumn before it is trimmed for the Christmas season. Todd's whiskers are not solely a seasonal asset. In off months they obtain posing engagements as Neptune, Abraham, Moses, Diogenes, Noah after the flood, Elijah and Walt Whitman. There is no truth in the report Todd was Trader Horn.

Santa Todd is 75 years old, a widower, veteran of the Blizzard of '88 and one of the surviving users of snuff, a bent but genial old man with brown eyes that twinkle through shell-rimmed glasses.

TODD is, perhaps, the first salesman of the "lucky lodestone industry. It was a theatrical booking agent, to whom Todd sold two stones with a sales talk that they could determine the sex of birds, beasts and unborn babes, who got him his first Santa job. He says

it was lodestone luck. Without casting too questioning a backward glance, it is only proper to report that Todd then had just finished an eighteen months spell of nursing a stricken sister. So devoted was his care in that time that he took no moment to himself for shave or haircut. When he appeared again in the streets, urchins (long before the booking agent) called him "Santa."

It is good for children, he declares, to believe in Santa Claus. It is good also, as he is not reluctant to point out, for business.

—John Harkins.



Eugene (Kringle) Todd

# Barbasol

BILL TAKES ONE ON THE CHIN AND LIKES IT



The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.

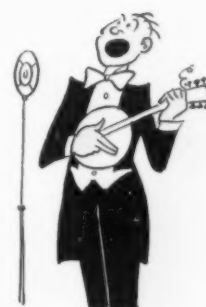


Ray Perkins, Barbasol soloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEA—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

**SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!** Use Barbasol for the quickest, coolest, smoothest shave you've ever had. Because it's a cool, smooth cream, it holds the whiskers erect so the razor can zip them off with never a pull or a scrape. It leaves the natural oil in the skin, keeps your face soft and smooth, protects it from sun and windburn. Try it today and see for yourself why it's the fastest-selling shaving cream in America. But use it right. 1. Wet your face and leave it wet. 2. Smooth on Barbasol—no need to rub it in vigorously. 3. Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all there is to the shave of a lifetime. Generous tubes of Barbasol are at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jars, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

## Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations



**ERIC THE RED**

"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by Harland Frayer... inspired by that marauding Viking chieftain whose vandalism branded him as the "Terror of the North" (975-1000 A. D.). "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.



Copy, 1982,  
The American  
Tobacco Co.

## No raw tobaccos in Luckies —that's why they're so mild

**W**E buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after

proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

**"It's toasted"**  
That package of mild Luckies

*End*



